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A SWEET THING IN CHIGNONS.

UNCLE TEAZLE.

FANNY.

Uncle. Now, my dear FANNY, it is your birthday. Let me see, how old are you? Not yet arrived at years of discretion, eh? Well, my dear, here is a little present for you—a little scientific instrument. Science is fashionable now, you know. Here is a microscope, to study minute botany with—and entomology.

Fanny. Oh, thank you, Uncle!

Uncle. Entomology; science of insects, you know. Minute entomology; of insects not visible to the naked eye. Mites in cheese, for instance.

Fanny. Nasty, horrid things!

Uncle. Well, if you like better, diminutive water-insects; the water-flea and the cyclops—and such. But I suppose you would wish to eschew mites. I mean not to eat them?

Fanny. Oh yes, Uncle!

Uncle. Then you should examine your cheese. With this you can. Other things also, besides cheese. There is cheese—and there are chignons.

Fanny. "Chignons" and "cheese" sounds funny.

Uncle. Yes, my dear. Alliteration. But cheese and chignons have more in common than Ch. However, you think chignons are "the cheese," eh?

Fanny. They are the fashion, Uncle, dear.

Uncle. Yes; they are the fashion. So were "fronts" in my young days. Both false hair. Wise ladies then wore it before; now they wear it behind. The dandies of the day used, as they said, to quiz it.

Fanny. Quiz?

Uncle. Yes. It was one of their slang words—derived from looking through an eye-glass, called a quizzing-glass. Meant to inspect, as it were, and ridicule. Now, their successors, the swells, quiz chignons. But you can quiz your chignon yourself—with your microscope.

Fanny. Why should I, Uncle?

Uncle. To see if it contains any gregarines.

Fanny. Gregarines! Law, I should think they were pretty.

Uncle. No, my dear, they are parasites. Parasites of parasites.

Fanny. Now, nonsense, Uncle. I know what a parasite is: "One who frequents rich tables, and earns his welcome by flattery."—DR. JOHNSON.

Uncle. "The little fleas have other fleas, and smaller fleas to bite 'em. Those smaller fleas

have lesser fleas; and so *ad infinitum*." Fleas are parasites. But gregarines are not fleas.

Fanny. I should hope not. But what are they, then?

Uncle. "Little dark brown knots," my love, which "are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines." They are the discovery of a M. LINDEMANN, a Russian professor, whose country has doubtless afforded him a fine field for observation in this branch of zoology.

Fanny. Zoology, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, my dear. These little dark-brown knots are not inanimate objects.

Fanny. Ugh!

Uncle. They "have a most ignoble ancestry and habitation, being found in the interior of"—

Fanny. What?

Uncle. Never mind. They are, as I said, parasites of parasites. "They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying and even of boiling." Nothing, in short, but corrosive things that injure the hair will kill them.

Fanny. Oh, the horrid things! Oh, the abominable, dreadful, disgusting, nasty creatures!

Uncle. According to M. LINDEMANN, seventy-six per cent. of the false hair used for chignons in Russia is infested with them.

Fanny. That's enough, Uncle!

Uncle. In the conditions of a ball-room he says, they grow and multiply; fly about in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments—in fact—

Fanny. Oh, Uncle, don't say any more, please. Stand out of the way from the grate, do. I won't wear the thing another moment. (*Tears off her Chignon.*)

Uncle. Stay; wouldn't you like to examine it?

Fanny. No! There! (*Flings it into the fire.*) There's an end of it!

Uncle. And its inhabitants. Well done, FANNY! Let it blaze—with them. And now, by way of substitute for a chignon at your poll, to wear a chaplet, circlet, or whatever you call it, on your crown, here, take this bank-note. Now you will show that you have a taste of your own, and leave gregarious young ladies to wear chignons with gregarines.

(*Scene closes.*)

—Punch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HYMNS OF THE POPULACE.

It is a notorious difficulty for one class to put itself into the position of another, to adopt its tone of feeling, to comprehend its leading motives of action, its distinctive prejudices, prepossessions, and impulses; its likes and dislikes, and those constant pervading influences which form character, and lie at the root of the differences which separate order from order, and keep them at such an impassable distance from real intimacy. High and low, gentlemen and artisans, master and servant, ladies and poor folks, encounter one another at certain points and in particular relations; but the most discerning cannot pretend to see into one another much beyond their point of contact. Employers, clergymen, benevolent visitors, carry their own atmosphere with them wherever they go, and things are seen and coloured through its medium. In their presence mutual interests are discussed from a non-natural point of view. The minds of both parties relax out of a certain tension and artificial condition when removed from the contact and espionage of an unsympathising witness. This implies no design, no deception of any kind, probably no knowledge of check or impediment to a more perfect understanding. It is only that neither party can display any large or clear picture of themselves where the mind, to be informed, is so ill prepared to receive a comprehensive idea. Hence an inevitable mutual reticence. The superior must keep back something from the dependant; the most devoted pastor has an easy privacy he does not desire to admit his poorer flock into; the lady does not care that the humble object of her bounty should be able to picture her in the unrestraint of her drawing-room life; and in like manner the labourer, the "hand," the good woman that stands before her kindly visitant garrulously detailing her list of sorrows and grievances, have each an inner world from which it is impossible to lift up the curtain, or let in full daylight, so as to reveal all the motives, interests, notions, pains, and pleasures, which make up an individual and family life so hopelessly different in a thousand points from that unconsciously contrasted with it.

In spite of this difficulty, it is a favourite exercise of fancy to picture the life of classes with which the delineator has none of the knowledge that comes of experience. In depicting the poor, for instance, writers

construct scenes of vivid interest. They carefully record provincialisms and grammatical solecisms; they go into detail, coarse, homely, or simple, as it may be, with a marvellous confidence of knowing their ground. And all the while they are the victims of illusions. We see two men of equal powers for the work, and similar opportunities, arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions, according to their prepossessions: and all for want of a key. They know nothing of the world they affect to be familiar with from mere partial outside contact. They would not know how to account for those distinct and often opposing standards in morals; for the tolerance and the intolerance of public opinion which we observe in the class called "the poor;" for the position of women, and its points of greater independence under a seeming subjugation of brute force; for the different models of what is attractive or excellent. They have no clue to the tastes and antipathies which constitute the barrier we indicate between poor and rich, and which, once entertained, once rendered by habit a part of nature, can never be wholly eradicated; so that the humbly-born, who have risen in the world, whatever their powers, opportunities, or success in life, can never see things with the eyes of those about them, can never rid themselves of the old impressions—harden their hearts as they will against the memories of childhood, or struggle as they may from better motives to forget. Of course, so far as men act on the highest principles, they must be alike. The model king, subject, landlord, tenant, tradesman, and mechanic, noble virgin and simple cottage maiden, can all meet on a perfect understanding. There is but one highest motive. It is when motives of earth set in that confusion arises. It is the different alloys infused into our virtues by pride, vanity, selfishness, envy, jealousy, according to the calls upon them, that separate families and classes, and that give to each not only their distinctive faults, but their picturesque characteristics.

"The low light gives the colour,"

and character is made out of the presence of, or the temptation to, human error, and the degrees in which it is yielded to or resisted.

If this difficulty of a perfect understanding exists between all well-defined classes, it follows that the wider the difference of social standing the greater the difficulty. This will, perhaps, be disputed, for many

persons profess to find it much easier to enter into the mind of the very poor than of the class above them, less dependent on their favour and support. But mere recipients have hardly arrived at the dignity of an order. They are not a class, but rather the debris of a class, or the matter out of which a class is to rise. They are understood in the degree in which they do not presume to possess an independent judgment, or habits of reflection which might perchance run counter to their betters. When people profess to understand the poor, they ought to consider how far the understanding goes. Do they realise the condition they think they sympathise with, or perceive what is latent and ready to spring into life at a moment's warning under any change of circumstances? We repeat, it is in proportion to the real distance in habits and aspirations that the ignorance dwelt upon prevails. The gentleman is further removed from the man whose family are reduced to herd together in one bedroom, and who is thankful for a shilling — however humbly acquiescent and sincerely willing to assimilate every thought to the opinion of the great man who is kind to him and is master over him — than from the self-sufficient cocky small shopkeeper, who can house his family decently, and has notions of rising in the world. They have more thoughts, hopes, and impulses in common. They can reckon more nearly on each other's course of action under changed circumstances.

One reason for this is, that as classes rise in importance they have their organs, and acquire the art of self-portraiture. While people are described by their betters a vast deal must remain behind, and what is made prominent nullified by the omission; but no person can take pen in hand and describe himself without our learning a great deal about him. It may not be what he intends us to learn, but it is knowledge nevertheless. It is not easy to get at the self-portraiture of the very poor or the very ignorant and rude class, or the class perhaps neither one nor the other, whose ambition has not yet taken the direction of making an outside reputation for itself. Now it is because it throws light on these unrepresented classes that our present subject possesses an interest to us wholly out of proportion with — we ought perhaps to say entirely independent of — poetical or literary merit. A body of hymns of a wide-spread popularity, yet to be found in no collection with which our reader is familiar, and procurable in no shop he is likely to

frequent, may have their point of interest independent of our approval of matter or style. When these are illustrated by autobiographical notices of one of their chief promulgators, himself of the unrepresented class, hymns and man sufficiently vigorous and characteristic, we need not apologize for calling the attention to them of such as find their curiosity stimulated by all popular demonstrations: who cannot pass a "Gospel theatre" without speculating on the feelings at work in all that tumult, or hear "Fiddling Jem" hailed by an expectant crowd as he approaches the closed doors in grim respectability, without a curiosity to know how he will acquit himself; who, if they encounter in any of our large towns a marching band of obstreperous religionists, try in vain to catch the words of the noisy strain, or if they observe a street preacher holding the attention of a "lot of roughs," would fain know where he got his training and aptitude for the work; who have a hankering to know more, and a feeling less cold than mere contempt, even towards the notices on the walls which invite them to go and hear the "celebrated boy-preacher" who will address an audience from such a place, or Miss So-and-so, who will preach three times on the following Sunday; or Jack Birch the converted nigger-singer, and Jem Jones the converted dog-fighter (we quote verbatim), who will hold special services in such a room, with the additional attraction and sphere for speech-making of the "sweeps' tea-meeting" in the course of the week.

One apology is necessary before plunging into our subject. Of all virtues reverence needs the most careful fostering, and the people who delight in these hymns and the gatherings where they are sung, as a rule were born and have lived under no such fostering influence. So much as a matter of fact does reverence go along with training, education, and cultivation of the taste, that it may be treated in part as an intellectual quality. The child whose earliest acquaintance with the name of God is through the medium of oaths and blasphemies, who is familiar with scenes of brutal violence, whose innocence was tainted by precocious knowledge of evil, can hardly under any change of feeling, under conversion itself, be reverent according to our standard; and, indeed, without this contact with gross evil, the mere life among crowds, the hindrances in the way of all privacy, the want of solitude, are fatal to that awe which is the sentiment earliest infused into the religiously trained child of

the educated classes. Again, the premature introduction to a participation in the business of life which belongs to the children of the poor, gives them confidence and self-reliance; while the apology for education which is all they receive, falls utterly short of imparting that insight into their own ignorance which is the great enlightenment of more fortunate youth. Such considerations as these will, we hope, tend to charity. That, for example, religious people should find the following hymn, evidently a great favourite, and conspicuous in all this numerous class of collections, edifying as well as inspiriting, that they should accept it in a serious spirit, needs, we feel, some accounting for:—

"Whene'er we meet you always say,
What's the news, what's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news, what's the news?
O! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That's the news, that's the news!
To set a world of sinners free,
That's the news, that's the news!
'Twas there His precious blood was shed,
'Twas there on Him our sins were laid,
And now He's risen from the dead,
That's the news, that's the news!

His work's reviving all around,
That's the news, that's the news!
And many have salvation found,
That's the news, that's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosannah to His name,
And all around they spread His fame,
That's the news, that's the news!

The Lord hath pardoned all my sin,
That's the news, that's the news!
I have the witness now within,
That's the news, that's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day,
That's the news, that's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you too,
That's the news, that's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That's the news, that's the news!
This moment if for sin you grieve,
This moment if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news, that's the news!

And then, if any one should say,
What's the news, what's the news?
O! tell them you've begun to pray,
That's the news, that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news, that's the news!"

—Richard Weaver's *Hymn-Book*.

Or another, in equal favour, which indicates in such free and easy terms the period of conversion:—

"Come, ye that fear the Lord, unto me;
I've something good to say,
About the narrow way,
For Christ, the other day, saved my soul.

He gave me first to see what I was;
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then He set me free. Bless His name!

My old companions said, 'He's undone';
My old companions said,
'He's surely going mad';
But Jesus makes me glad. Bless His name!

Oh, if they did but know what I feel;
Had they got eyes to see
Their guilt and misery,
They'd be as mad as me, I believe.

Some said, 'He'll soon give o'er, you shall see';
But time has passed away
Since I began to pray,
And I feel His love to-day. Bless His name!

And now I'm going home to the Lord,
And now I'm going home;
Guilty sinner, wilt thou come,
Or meet an awful doom, from the Lord?
—*Ibid.*

Or the far lower depth, to outside ears, reached in the collection compiled for the "Hallelujah Band," where a few solemn words are played upon with a flippant iteration shocking to our ears, but regarded as a legitimate stimulus in these assemblages where excitement passes for devotion:—

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

He will save you, He will save you;
He will save you just now;
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

O believe Him, O believe Him,
 O believe Him just now;
 Just now O believe Him,
 O believe Him just now.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen;
 Amen, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen."

"I'm glad I am converted, I'm glad I am converted,
 I'm glad I am converted before my dying day,
 Before my dying day, before my dying day;
 I'm glad I am converted before my dying day.

And you may be converted, and you may be converted, &c.

I feel His blood convert me, I feel His blood convert me, &c.

I've glory, glory in my soul, I've glory, glory in my soul," &c.

Yet Richard Weaver, whose taste in hymns upon this showing is so questionable, is in himself a person very far above contempt, and in prose has now and then a knack in expressing himself that a good many of us might envy. The title in which he glories, and by which he is known in his religious world, is the "Converted Collier;" and what he was, as well as what he is, is his perpetually recurring theme, and one which evidently costs him no effort. For what we have said of reverence applies in a great measure also to repentance with this class. Shame, properly speaking, there is none, in the lavish confessions of these stalwart sinners; and for the reason that the preacher gains rather than loses in the estimation of his hearers by the magnitude of his errors. Wonder is the especial delight of the vulgar, and grace attracts them most by what they regard as its crowning miracles. A lady asked one of her maids why she would walk four miles to hear a rousing preacher, when the parish clergyman was so good; the reply was, "They say he was an awful bad man once." There is, we cannot doubt, a secret sense of power in Richard Weaver, in that he capped the companions of his sinful days as much in oaths, fighting, and general blackguardism as he now rises above them as a man sought after and wondered at by pious crowds. And, moreover, he cannot but feel that his training in the coal-pit, and the furious relish with which he threw himself into such pleasures and enjoyments as come in the way of

drunken colliers, do give him a swing and impetus that what he calls "systematic and grammatical preachers" miss in their retrospect. More especially do denunciations come easy, and the terrors of the judgment to a man over whose lips oaths once flowed like water in the running brook.

Our readers can hardly form a just idea of this brand before it was snatched from the burning but from his own words taken down from his addresses:—

"Many of you are saying, 'I wish I was as happy as you.' Well, I wish you were; and I'll tell you what makes me happy, and what will make you happy too. If you had seen me ten years ago, you would have seen a man with blood-shot eyes and bloated face; a drunkard and blasphemer—a man with brutish passions and bloody hands—a man too bad for earth, and almost too bad for hell, but not too bad for the arms of Christ. If anything was needed from us, what had I to bring?—nothing but dice, and boxing-gloves, and game-cocks, and fighting-dogs."

"Richard had a blaspheming father," a "praying mother," and the trials, courage and endurance of this good woman are amongst the edifying and pathetic pictures of this strange history. Where society is used to brutality, the sufferers from it in each case are clearly not as crushed by circumstances as where there is disgrace attached. His "leaflets" are full of the trials of poor ill-used women, amongst whom his mother, "the old woman in Shropshire," stands conspicuous.

"I was at a meeting some time ago, and I heard a young man tell his experience. He said, 'I was brought up by a praying mother, but I took no notice of that praying mother; when she has been reading the Bible I have seen my father stand over her with a weapon in his hand, and threaten to split her head in two. At the age of about fifteen I began to get into company with other bad boys of my own age, and I neglected the advice of my praying mother. At sixteen years of age I took to drinking and dancing, and at seventeen I went home one night after I had been fighting, and my mother saw me with two black eyes. Her poor heart seemed almost broken, and she began to pray for the Lord to bless me; I felt like a wild beast, and I said I would murder her if she did not give over praying.

"After I had gone to bed, she came to my room; she knelt at the bedside, and I jumped out of bed, and, seizing her by her grey hairs, swore I would murder her if she prayed any more for me. She exclaimed, 'Lord, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee. It is hard work, my child raising up his hand against his mother; but, Lord, though Thou slay me,

yet will I trust in thee." My mother's prayers followed me into the public house, and I began to fight, but my mother still kept praying for God to bless me, and those prayers hurt me more than the man's fists. I came home drunk one day, and when I got up-stairs took a razor and took off my neckerchief to get at my throat, but my mother's prayers came between me and suicide. Another time I went into a harlot's dwelling, and while there nearly murdered her. I fastened a rope round her neck, and threw it over a beam and strung her up to it, and if it had not been for a young man who heard her cries, and rushed in and cut her down, she would have been killed.' [Then follows in brief a history of the young man's conversion.] That young man was Richard Weaver, and he is in the pulpit of Union Street Chapel, in Rochdale, to-night." — *Voice from the Coal-pit*, p. 16.

It is clear that nothing in his own class could surprise Mr. Weaver, that there is no mob, no assemblage of waifs and strays into whose component parts experience would not give him a very fair insight, and that in the first accost of a dozen idle lads at a street corner, he would have that advantage over the curate which acquaintance with his audience gives. From his showing, the youth of his own calling have a jolly life of it. Such a world as they know and care for is all their own; and if conscience does not hinder, nothing else hinders a career of wild dissipation and expense. "I have sung," he says, "as much as £14 out of my pocket at one spree." He describes a pair of twin-brothers so pugnacious that if they could find nobody else to fight with, they fought with one another, one of whom had paid £50 in fines for drunkenness. He counts up the dogs, cocks, pigeons, &c. &c., kept by his unconverted companions; and tells of a young friend, a good dancer, who was withheld from chapel, to which he invited him, by an engagement to dance for £5 a side, to be spent afterwards in one spree. We are left with an impression of wild exulting pleasure in mere health and strength, which the discipline of education certainly keeps under. The physical advantages of wealth and training are found in the autumn of our age. In life, as in gardens, they fill the autumn with flowers. In spring the cottage garden often flaunts in gayer colours than the lady's parterre.

It follows, after the manner of all reformers, that every pleasure which this desperate young sinner once recklessly engaged in, is summarily denounced, and with very little classification. The adulterer and the pigeon-fancier are warned in one sentence;

and dancing, ball-hopping, and race-running merely precipitate their devotees on with headlong speed the way to perdition. In fact, he allows no other relaxations than those sufficient for himself—preaching, hymn-singing, and autobiography. In this perhaps, he only follows high precedent. Nor does learning come off much better than accomplishments under his handling. Granmar he clearly considers an unauthorised medium between God and the soul. It is thus classed with system as a weapon of the adversary:—

"Not many people can endure the truth at the present time; the systematical grammar-speaker is most admired; and if he talks about the beauties of nature, the green fields, and the stars, people say, 'O what a good preacher he is. I was quite lost while listening to his well-arranged sentences. How fine are his ideas! I was so much taken up with the preacher, that when I got home I had entirely forgotten his subject. If he had told you something about yourselves, you would not have forgot what he said. If we begin to talk about hell and say, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' you will know something about that."

In these passages, taken down as exactly as a rapid utterance allows, a friend has clearly taken the liberty to correct those solecisms the speaker regards as a mark of grace. As he puts it, there is perhaps something in his charge. The approved preaching of many a modern pulpit dwells very little on the invitations and promises which represent the gospel to the poor. A preacher is not the less fitted for most congregations, whose feeling towards unbelief is simple contempt, who sets down the sceptic without affecting the smallest sympathy with his difficulties.

"The very first cry of a collier, when in danger, is, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' I've seen lots of sceptics in the coal-pit, and all their infidelity knocked out of them by a clod falling on their back from the roof of their working. You might deny God's Word, but what can we get better if you take that away? Give me something to comfort me better, and I'll burn my Bible."

Our collier has one theme with which he is very sincerely possessed, and this is a great power. We do not say that his teaching is the teaching of the Bible—very far from it; but the man possessed by one great truth is apt to say striking things. Take the following passage, failing in reverence we admit, but holding attention where attention is not always easy to gain:—

"Suppose I could be privileged to go to heaven to-night, and tell them I wanted to know what the love of Christ is, that I might come back and tell poor sinners in St. Martin's Hall about it. Suppose I asked Abel, 'Abel, thou hast been here thousands of years, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' He would say, 'No, Richard Weaver, thou poor blood-washed sinner, I cannot tell thee what this love is.' But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Then if I turn and say, 'Noah, thou wert saved in the ark, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No,' he would reply, 'I cannot tell thee; but it is deeper than the waters that carried me upon their bosom.' And yet, 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' I go to David, and say, 'Thou sweet Psalmist of Israel, canst thou tell me the measure of the love of God?' 'No,' says David, 'His loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Him; but I cannot fathom the love of God.' And then I go to Solomon, 'O Solomon, who spakest of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, thou couldst show thy wisdom to the queen of Sheba, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No, I cannot tell thee; it is beyond all my wisdom.' And then my guardian angel says, 'See, here is Ezekiel; maybe he can tell thee.' And I say, 'Well, Ezekiel, thou didst see visions, and dreams, and the Spirit lifted thee up to behold the glory of God; tell me how I can make these sin-blighted people in St. Martin's Hall understand the love of God?' 'Come along with me, I'll show thee something about it,' and he brings me to a river-side; the water just covers my ankles, but it rises higher and higher. 'Stop, Ezekiel; the water is up to my knees.' 'Come along,' says the old prophet, 'don't be afraid.' 'Oh, but, Ezekiel, it's a river up to my loins.' On we go a few steps farther. 'Hold, stop, Ezekiel; I've lost my footing; I'm altogether out of my depth.' 'Yes, Richard Weaver, it's waters to swim in; a river that cannot be passed over.' But here comes the loving disciple. 'Now, John, thou who didst lean on the bosom of thy Lord, thou man whom Jesus loved, what hast thou to say about the love of God?' 'I cannot tell thee how great it is, but "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." But no doubt, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who was caught up into the third heaven, and heard "unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter," can tell us something about the love of Christ. 'Now, Paul, what have you to say about this love?' 'I cannot tell the height, and length, and depth, and breadth of the love of Christ.' 'But I want to go and tell the sinners in St. Martin's Hall what the redeemed in glory know about the love of God.' 'Tell them we cannot tell what it is.' 'I will go and tell them —' 'Stop,' cries Paul, 'tell them the love of Christ passeth knowledge.

But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Ah, glory be to God, that is it! May the Lord help us to think about it. "The love of Christ passeth knowledge."

Take again a power of realizing the narrative of Scripture unborrowed from Stanley or Rénan, and guiltless of local colouring:—

"I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' A poor afflicted woman stands on her doorstep and hears the child. 'What is that you say?' she asks, as he is passing by her house. 'Oh,' says he, 'haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the wayside begging; and He has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at His feet, and He cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch Him, are made perfectly whole.' 'Oh,' cried the poor woman, 'if that's true, He can cure my bloody issue that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will He be here, my little man?' 'Why,' says the child, 'He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! hosanna! to the Son of David!' and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last. 'Well, I'll go,' says the poor thing, timidly. 'I'll get behind Him. Maybe he won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched Him were made whole: I'll go and try, however.' I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, 'I'll try again.' She winds to the right, then to the left, now nearer, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the Man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of His clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, 'Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue; you've no business here.' 'Ah,' she answers, 'I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you.' And now another step or two, and she can hear His gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as He walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but

she isn't near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches—it is but the hem of His garment; but it is all she needs.* Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in His garment, isn't there efficacy in His blood? May God help you to come to Christ to-night."

This is better than the poetry that would precede and follow our passage in its first delivery. But perhaps the best hymn marked by the characteristics of revivalism in these collections may follow here. It is called Richard Weaver's favourite:—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed on Thee,
And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me.

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me.

In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me.

He is the Majesty Divine, Christ for me,
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone, Christ for me.

To-day as yesterday the same, Christ for me.
How precious is His balmy name, Christ for me.

Christ a mere man may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue;
But I with part can never do, Christ for me.

Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me.

His riches never can be told, Christ for me.
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day.
My portion never can decay, Christ for me.

In pining sickness or in health, Christ for me.
In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ for me.
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey
And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ for me.

When'er I preach, or sing, or pray, Christ for me.
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
Convince me if you think I'm wrong, Christ for me.

Now who can sing my song and say, Christ for me?

My life and truth, my light and way, Christ for me.
Can you, old men and women there,

With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost soul declare, Christ for me!

Can you, young men and maidens say, Christ for me;

Him will I love, and Him obey, Christ for me!
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a little singing band,
And shout aloud throughout the land, Christ for me!"

One common method for attracting attention is the spiritualizing of sights and employments most familiar to the audience. Soldiers, sailors, volunteers, find their callings all turned into parables. One writer tries his hand at the railroad with but indifferent success. It belongs to few to keep their parallels straight in such an undertaking. It will be observed that repentance—a state of mind never thoroughly realized—has to perform two different offices.

"The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.
The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb;
I love the sound of Jesus' name;
It sets my spirit in a flame.
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is Himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer;
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It doth the way to heaven steer.

In first, and second, and third class—
Repentance, faith, and holiness—
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in."

There is energy in Richard Weaver's parable founded on the same theme:—

"Come and stand with me at the Blueprints station. The engine is whistling, and the steam flying. You see a man waving a red flag, and you ask, 'What is the matter?' You are told that there are two trains approaching on the same line. 'What must be done?' Every stroke of the engine cries, 'Death! death! death!' The signalman runs with the red flag this way and that way, and every moment

brings the two trains nearer together. There is coming death in every stroke. The pointsman rushes forward to see if he can change the position of the two trains. You cry out to him, 'Run! Run! RUN!' He reaches the points, pulls the handle, the nearest train is turned on the other line of rails, the danger is averted, and the lives of those in the trains are preserved. But as the engine dashes by the pointsman, he is caught and cut to pieces. He has saved those lives at the expense of his own. The decree has gone forth that 'the wages of sin is death;' but, thank God, Jesus Christ, the pointsman of heaven, rushed forward, and, by the sacrifice of His own life, has redeemed us."

We have heard that Weaver has his great titled friends; that he has been invited to dine at rich men's tables, and shown at once his sense and humility in preferring the kitchen to the parlour on these occasions. That many with means at their command were glad to assist him with their substance, we gather from an anecdote which tells of a hearer, unknown to him, who once paid for his journey, and offered him further assistance, to whom his thankfulness was thus expressed:—

"I could not help then telling him what a Father mine was. It was just like Him. I asked Him for a pound, and He gave me five-and-twenty shillings."

Yet we can understand his mistrust and jealousy of a well-dressed congregation. He does not like to see the women among his audience in silks and ribbons, but with "shawls drawn over their heads." In fact, none will do for him who associate religion with ideas of awe, solitude, and quiet. As the people he preaches to live, work, amuse themselves in crowds and droves, so must they gain their religion. Nothing is more demonstrative than a collier under conviction. Even if, impelled by conscience, one rushes alone to a "sand-pit" or the solitude of the upper room by day, his cries and roarings must attract a large assemblage of anxious and impressed hearers at the foot of the stairs or somewhere within hearing. Where noise and loud utterance is a mark of conversion, we may take for granted that witnesses are essential. Nobody halloos for his own solitary edification. The drunken blasphemer, suddenly awakened, upon opening a hymn-book, bawls out, "I've found it! I've found it!" with an energy that might wake the dead. Everybody sings, everybody shouts, everybody assembles all his friends. They are converted in company. The larger the number—of whomsoever composed—the great-

er the proportion of converts. Richard Weaver, sincere though we believe him, has no better test than noise of effectual conversion. Until people shout they are doubtful. To die "shouting" expresses in brief, all there is to be said. A good woman, who had borne a trying illness under trying circumstances with pious but quiet resignation, was considered unsatisfactory by her friends of this school; till, worked upon by their exciting language, at the moment of death she yielded to pressure. This put the seal of assurance upon her state. All was right. "She had hollered a deal." Repugnant as all this is to ourselves, we are forced to draw distinctions. Take colliers, for instance. They live in noise; their work passes in it; their pleasures are riotous; silence and self-restraint are things they do not understand, and very much akin in the minds of most of them to deadness. Whether this is over-tolerance or not, let us listen to some of the strains, through which sound is sustained at a maximum—

"O God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in Thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice
While I have breath to raise my voice!
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
I'll make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal happy shore."

Shouting is of itself a means of grace, and we must say the only one enlarged upon—

"You've no need to carry your burden of grief,
Nor one moment tarry in seeking relief;
It is yours, it is yours, whilst you're raising
your voice,
And the angels look down to rejoice."

Shouting is the motive for the converted to assemble themselves together, and the inducement to the unconverted to join them—

"The Gospel band has now set out, Glory to
the bleeding Lamb,
And we will help them all to shout, Glory to
the bleeding Lamb!"

It is a point of difference between the saved and lost in the hymn, in universal favour, which asks of each and all, "How will you do?"

"When you come to Jordan's flood, How will
you do?
You who now condemn your God, How will
you do?"

Death will be a solemn day :
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray! How will you
do ?

You who laugh and scorn and sneer, How
will you do ? &c.

You who have no more than form, How will
you do ? &c.

You who have been turned aside, How will
you do ? &c.

Christian, now I turn to thee, How wilt thou
do ?

When thou dost the river see, How wilt thou
do ?

To the Cross I then will cling,
Shout, O death, where is thy sting ?
Victory ! Victory ! I will sing — That's how
I'll do !"

No hymn does its work without a lusty
chorus. We come upon familiar lines, as-
sociated in our minds with all the sweet
decorums of orderly worship, and are startled
by the appendage thought necessary to
bring them up to the mark the contrivers of
these meetings aim at sustaining, of excite-
ment and noise. A really beautiful hymn
of Watts has every verse thus supplement-

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
We're marching through Emanuel's ground,
And soon shall near the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What ! never part again ? No, never part again ;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides," &c.

One of Cowper's meets with the same
treatment, each verse separated from the
context : —

"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for
me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood, from
sin to set me free."

Another familiar friend is graced with
this appendage : —

"I mean to go ; I want to go, I mean to go I
do ; [there too."
I mean to go where Jesus is, and you may go

- A very favourite chorus is : —

"Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of
the world,
For we all have the cross to bear ;
It will only make the crown the brighter to
shine,
When we have the crown to wear."

One hymn has this refrain : —

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of
folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you
go ?
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above ?

There are dozens more, making still
more free with the most sacred names and
mysteries — these we spare our readers ;
but all shows what we have already said.
The conductors of these services know that
if a "rough" is to be a saint, he will prefer
being a noisy saint. To bring such a one
to church, prayer-book in hand, is indeed to
make of him a new man. The transforma-
tion is by no means so startling under Rich-
ard Weaver's auspices, who instinctively
knows that quiet, order, gravity, subdued
tones, measured utterances — all that such
men associate with worldly respectability
— is, and ever will be, intolerable to them :
and that a religion that enjoins roaring and
tumult, and which opens a wider, if a fresh
field, for the exercise of vigour, pluck, and
self-assertion, even to insolence — a religion
which sets them shouting at street-corners
and market-places, — and which rather
diverts the old stream of bad language into
new channels than forbids it altogether, —
meets the sinner half-way. And so does
their ideal of repentance. It is to be very
violent, and to involve profuse perspiration
and a great deal of shouting, but it is to be
short. What can be more summary, for ex-
ample, than the course recommended in
"Isaac Barnes's chorus" —

"Let us tell Him *in brief* that of sinners we're
chief."

Again —

"With a sorrow for sin let repentance begin,
Then conversion of course will draw nigh ;
But till washed in the blood of a crucified
Lord,
We shall never be ready to die.

For I'm happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And He's graciously waiting to wash more."

What can more effectually smooth over the ugly circumstances of a disorderly past than that hymn to be found in all these collections denouncing every effort which falls short of the ideal conversion as "deadly doing"? —

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.

When He from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Hearken to His cry —

'It is finished.' Yes, indeed,
Finished every jot:
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing: all was done
Long, long ago.

Till to Jesu's work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
Down at Jesu's feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

A large body of the persons who frequent these meetings on Sunday are such as have habitually rejected every invitation to public worship, who, as one man expressed it, "make a practice of going nowhere." The order of any established service is intolerable to them; but under the pressure of trial and sickness, poverty or depression, they will drop in to hear what is going on at a Temperance-hall, or listen to a street-preacher. With them this modified conformity is as much a case of "deadly doing," as the most ceremonious worship of that ideal formalist who is the bugbear of this theology. They are better satisfied with themselves when it is over without any good reason for being so. They may have heard themselves called sinners in good company, thus —

"Is there anybody here like weeping Mary?
Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh;
Oh glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory be to God who rules on high!

Is there anybody here like sinking Peter?
Is there anybody here like blind Bartimeus?
Is there anybody here like faithless Thomas?
Is there anybody here that wants salvation?"

And they are pretty certain to hear much of Canaan in hymns which take for granted that all who sing them will go to heaven. Of all faiths this is the most natural in the religion of the poor. The Sunday-school lyric is founded on this expectation assured even to joviality; the hymn probably familiar to more English lips than any other in the language —

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In Heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more;"

not to be recalled by some of us without the echo of various rustic renderings —

"Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And the pastures whom we love;"

and the long-drawn

"When we meet to part no more."

The vast number of this class of hymns may be attributable to various causes. In the first place, a certain imagery is ready for any versifier. Palms, crowns, a golden city, a river, and a promised land, make up a picture, and it is permitted to all people, from long prescription, to express a hungering for a future without exactly feeling it.

It is observable that, in this department, literary qualifications are at their lowest. We come upon the oddest rhymes — *mansion* and *transient*, *meester* and *creature*, and so on; but the theme is supposed of itself an inspiration.

No people have much right to talk about heaven who do not at least strive to begin their heaven upon earth. The heaven of the ignorant, on the contrary, is treated as a region so absolutely separate and distinct from earthly tempers and affections, that the fact that a man has spent his whole life with the strongest earthward tendencies does not interfere with the assumption that he will feel himself entirely at home, and in his place, among the blest. But another reason for this fond dwelling on a future heaven is, no doubt, that the poor do not find earth such a comfortable home and

resting-place for body or mind as the rich. Well-to-do people, with an easy certain income, and all their comforts about them, would not find their spirits as much refreshed by these Songs of Canaan as the companies for whom they are composed. There will be no *want*, as well as no black bonnets, and no funerals in heaven, says Richard Weaver's prose, and his hymn sings—

"No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?"

But such detail does not generally enter into the glorious vision, which is all of rest and home in the abstract, with as much iteration as may be, and always a chorus. Many of these Hymns of Canaan are adapted to well-known tunes, and sung by young people in those manufactories where only hymns are allowed to be sung. One of these, cribbed from Montgomery, and altered and adapted in a style excruciating to a sensitive author, is most popular—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
"Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home," &c.

And another—

"There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!" &c.

Another, to the tune, "My heart's in the Highlands"—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens the journey and hastens me home.
For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again," &c.

The Revival hymn-book suggests to young men and women to invite one another to Canaan, which is one way of making services popular:—

Sisters.

"Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?"

Brothers.

By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more!

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For ever, evermore!

Sisters.

We, a little band, before Thee,
Jesus! Lord of all, adore Thee;
Soon we'll follow Thee to glory,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Pilgrims here we are and weary;
Dark the road has been, and dreary;
Daylight dawns, and brings us near Thee,
To Canaan's happy shore.

Sisters.

When we see the river swelling,
Jesus! every fear repelling,
Show us then our father's dwelling
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Thou hast passed on before us;
To Thine image, Lord, restore us.
Death shall never triumph o'er us
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Say, sisters, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

Sisters.

By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more," &c. &c.

But, confident as all hearers are encouraged to be in their expectations of a blissful future, one great means of influence with preachers of this school is their bold familiarity with hell and all its terrors. Richard Weaver professes a perfect knowledge of the awful region. He boasts of shaking one

dying woman "over hell" till, one by one, she dropped the money-bags from beneath her pillow on to the floor. And horrible stories are told of threats and denunciations following upon warnings contemned; to which, as the biographer puts it, "the Almighty Arbitrer set His seal." In so far as there is any truth in these stories, we take them as an illustration of a marked difference between the educated and uneducated in the influence of vague alarms upon the nerves. Women who, in the practical work of life, are far bolder and more self-reliant than their high-born sisters, have far less power of standing against mysterious terrors. A violent woman, met on her own ground, her curses answered by a bold threat assuming the tone of prophecy, is not at all an unlikely victim. Awful words, disregarded at the moment, tell when the reaction comes, and the prophecy works its own fulfilment.

Whatever we may think of these specimens of popular devotion, it is very clear that they have awakened sympathy in unexpected quarters. Two books of Catholic hymns, by the late Father Faber, which bear the token of favour and success that numbers give on their title-pages, seem to us evidently composed on these models. The Father talks, indeed, in his preface, of the Olney Hymns having been once dear to him; but one detects a more modern, and we will say less scrupulous, source of inspiration. He evidently is attracted by the tone which we have called irreverent, and imitates it deliberately; both as most removed from the tone of the Church he had abandoned, and as a sort of thing that tells with the vulgar. Taking up this view, he thus reasons himself into irreverence, arguing that real reverence always assumes the disguise of its opposite:—

"The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.
They would not speak in measured tones,
If awe had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.
They would have smiled in playful ways," &c.
Again—

"The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.
They know not how our God can play
The babe's, the brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart."

Any awe that shows itself in appropriate look and action is gloom, sourness, and "ungainly stiffness," and the Puritan element of Protestantism.

Following out this view, we find these stanzas in a hymn entitled "The True Shepherd," for the use of a ragged school. We recognise the characteristic Revivalist rhymes:—

"He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard him say,
As He went along this way,
O silly souls come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

Strange gladness seemed to move Him
Whenever I did better;
And He coaxed me so to love Him
As if He was my debtor:
As He went along this way, &c.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say," &c.

He thus treats of ineffable mysteries:—

"God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In this our world He is content
To play a losing game.

At one time the repetition, which is one characteristic of Revivalism, is regarded as a sign of love, even when practised to imbecility:—

"O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred name
A thousand times a-day.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!"

Again—

"O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free."

There is the same easy explanation of the

scheme of redemption, which abounds in our series. The soul is thus addressed:—

"O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee;
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity!
Father and Son and Holy Ghost
Exhausted for a thing like this."

If we are to have irreverence, we prefer it of the rude unconscious sort, not put on as something that will answer as a sort of experiment, as thus:—

"How can they tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake,
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take?"

Vulgarity in rhythm and rhyme are affectedly adapted to his peculiar tenets. This is how boys are taught to address St. Philip:—

"Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping
Not for sorrow, but for glee;
Bless thy converts bravely keeping
To the bargain made with thee.
Help, in Mary! joy in Jesus,
Sin and self no more shall please us.
We are Philip's gift to God," &c. &c.

We have dwelt so long on one part of our subject that the voluble Muse of Teetotalism has little room left for the display of her gifts. And yet nothing more clearly illustrates the different influences at work in the training of the lower and higher classes of society than the numerous collections of temperance and teetotal songs and hymns sold by their thousands, nay hundreds of thousands. We have half-a-dozen by us drawn up for the Band of Hope alone, in which its children are taught it is a paramount duty to instruct and reprove their elders, and to regard as a drunkard in act or in anticipation every person they see drink a glass of beer. *They* are the reformers, *they* are to conquer "King Alcohol," and to bring in a reign of liberty and peace. But the fact is, the subject is incurably prosaic. The excuse for this is probably of the nature of the sailor's contending with his fellow for the palm of verse: one begins—

"In the Bay of Bengal—I lost my all,"

To which the other appends—

"In the Bay of Biscay I lost my stockings,"

"That's not poetry," cries the rhymster.

"Ay, but mine's true and yours isn't," was the rejoinder. A great deal of what the teetotallers say is true but it isn't poetry. Their vocabulary is hopeless. Twist the leading ideas as you may, insinuate them into the middle of a line, or dignify them with an answering rhyme, they defy management. Every person, thing, or part of speech whatever connected with liquor, has the same insolent prominence and knack of overpowering every other noun or verb that keeps its company. The changes are rung upon "temperance" and "teetotal," "strong drink," "wine," "gin," "beer," "public-houses," "landlords," "drunkards," "tipplers" and "sots," "takers of the pledge" and "abstainers," always with the same effect upon the ear; and it must be owned, most of these are awkward terms, not to hint at but to name in full. Our readers must be satisfied with a few specimens, a line culled here and there from this mass of strenuous effort to give vivacity, stimulus, and pathos to the teetotal cause. A hymn is opened with such exordiums as the following:—

"Who, the sacred page perusing,
Precepts, promises, and laws,
Can be guiltless in refusing
To support the temperance cause?"

or—

"However others choose to act
Towards the temperance cause,
We hail its blessings to our home,
And strictly keep its laws."

One begins to the tune of "Stevens"—

"Six hundred thousand drunkards sink."

One poem lays down the rule—

"All public-houses must be closed,
Abstaining is the plan proposed."

One is figurative—

"The abstinence light is breaking."

One rhetorical—

"All hail! the temperance cause,
Thousands from drink abstain."

One in the measure of the National Anthem prays for drunkards—

"May they be brought to hate
Drinks that intoxicate."

Another asks —

"May drunkards see sobriety
In an alluring light!"

One praises total abstinence —

"Say not that you cannot aid them,
See, here is a certain cure:
Total Abstinence, so easy,
Safe, effectual, and secure;
Come, apply it,
'Tis a safe effectual cure."

One rejoices that —

"Thousands now intemperance dreading,
Bane of health and joy and peace,
Better principles are spreading;
See how temperance men increase!"

One utters the fervent aspiration —

"Oh! that our females young and fair
Were wise to shun the fatal snare,
Which Satan lays to catch their feet,
And draw them to the drunkard's seat."

One prophesies —

"That will be a joyful day
When strong drink shall pass away."

One wishes —

"I were the monarch, and had supreme command,
I'd close the beer and gin shop, and make a joyful land,
The prison would be empty, and better places full,
And every home a palace beneath the golden rule.
I'd close the gin-shop, liberty restoring,
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the drink away;
If I made laws I'd never let them sell again,
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the drink away."

The youthful abstainer sees his place in history —

"Heralds of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?"

and foresees the day —

"Drink shall fall with tyrants all;"

and avers —

"We wont give up the temperance cause
Though all the world should rage."

They are also taught to sing the inevitable consequences of "drinking a little wine" —

"A little drink seems safe at first,
Exerting little power,
But soon begets a raging thirst,
Which cries for more and more.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Downwards as easy stairs;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones it bears."

Landlords are invoked in pathetic strain, recalling a popular song —

"Landlord spare that sot;"

and Burn's measure is put to a use he little dreamt of in another —

"Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down and dine?"

As far as we can see, teetotalism has had but one poet and we miss him here. Under no hands can abstaining from intoxicating liquors have a wholly ideal treatment; but the ideal and the real have at any rate once been brought side by side, in the advocacy of this, which is essentially the cause, the regeneration, with its champions. The topics and the line of argument of this *chef d'œuvre* are precisely those of the temperance literature before us. Our readers shall judge how far the moderns fall short in airy grace and play of fancy, as well as grasp of their subject, in comparison with the author of the inaugural ode sung at the great cold water celebration held at Boston, U.S., thirty years ago —

ODE.

"In Eden's green retreats
A water brook that played
Between soft mossy seats
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing,
And Eve, to dress her hair,

Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had *wine* to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parched wild
Have been refreshed with *rum*?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in *gin*,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
On Canaan's land!

Sweet fields beyond death's flood
Stand dressed in living green;
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom
Cold water thus hath given,
If e'en beyond the tomb
It is the drink of heaven—

Are not good wells
And crystal springs
The very things
For our hotels?"

Seriously speaking it is difficult to believe that the concluding clencher to the argument could be written in grave earnest by so neat a versifier; but a study of the dozen temperance hymn-books and melodists before us satisfies us that the thing is possible. Teetotalism is of the nature of a hobby—a state in which the mind is insensible and dead to the absurd.

With regard to the body of verse from which we have selected, it is superfluous to adduce it as testimony to the doctrine that the religion of the multitude is always a vulgar religion. It is like telling the cabman he is no gentleman. And no one can hear the excitement of these wild services parodied by street boys, or Hallelujahs hummed by them at their rough play, without a serious alarm for the consequences of making sacred things thus common and profane. But one redeeming point we note in all these collections. Whatever is distinctive is, indeed, vulgar and boisterous, and, from mere coarseness of perception, if from no worse alloy, irreverent. But mingled with these effusions are uniformly many of the best hymns in our language, and often tender and graceful modern compositions, in startling discrepancy with the prevailing tone. All we can say is, if a penitent prize-fighter or reformed drunkard, in his moments of contrition can be brought to understand and estimate them at their true worth, a work has been effected which cannot be regarded as other than a good one.

ARTIFICIAL birds' nests are now being manufactured in Switzerland, under the direction of the society formed there for the protection of insectivorous birds. The Yverdum Society has placed such nests in the public walks and communal forests, on the borders of lawns, &c., and found them all occupied by hedge-sparrows, redstarts, creepers, and tomtits.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT LEAMINGTON AGAIN.

BEFORE we set down the conversation, which, on the 29th of August, took place between Mr. Dykhardt and Mr. Ballow, it will be expedient for us to pay one more visit to Leamington. Our special object in going there now is to satisfy an inquiry which, it is possible, some of our readers have more than once made — How, all this while, was the active contriver of so much that has gone before — the able Mrs. Ferrier?

It is now just seven weeks (for we came upon her on Thursday, the 4th of September), since Mrs. Ferrier had seen Eva quit her house, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Dowlas. That Miss March acknowledged the claims of the kindred Mrs. Ferrier had found for her, that lady had been made aware. She knew that Eva had gone with them to Llynbwllyn, and she hoped that all the danger of a marriage with Richard had utterly passed away. She hoped so; but she felt no comfortable assurance of it. She had on her side the solemn promise which Eva had asked and obtained from Richard; but she could not feel certain that her son would keep his promise. It was not to his mother, but to Eva that he had given his word. Miss March might feel she had a right to release him from such a promise; and, as Mrs. Ferrier bitterly reflected, she would be quick enough in claiming and exercising the right. If so, what had the mother of Richard gained by the remorseless ingenuity with which she had laid bare (as she supposed) the actual secret of Eva's origin? She had made the disgrace, which might have remained a conjectural matter, a thing open and certain before the eyes of all the world.

Therefore, it will be understood that Mrs. Ferrier's grand contrivances had not made her a very much happier woman. Even the presence of Richard was no such happiness to her as before. For Richard was now at Leamington again. He had left his friend Maxwell convalescent in Scotland, and had accepted a shooting invitation in Warwickshire; for Captain Ferrier was one whom all were proud of knowing and entertaining. Though many of his days were just now spent in his friend's fields, yet his head-quarters were at his mother's house. And as this particular day, the 4th of the month, was very wet, he was at home the greater part of it.

He was, as you know, already aware that

his mother's great discovery, well as facts appeared to sustain it, had proved a fiction after all; and he was very glad thereof. But he resolved that to his mother no hint of the counter-discovery should at present be breathed. If she continued as hostile to the marriage as before, the news would be likely to set her inquiring and intriguing a second time. If she were coming to view the matter more calmly, it would be very unwise to unsettle her by any new stimulus to curiosity and anxiety. So, for aught Mrs. Ferrier yet knew, the dreaded Eva was living, as Miss Roberts, along with the Rector of Llynbwllyn. Where, at this time, our heroine really was, we shall know as soon as it behoves us. Suffice it now to say, that it was in a place hitherto unknown both to ourselves and to her.

Mrs. Ferrier and the Captain had just breakfasted. Conversation had not flowed freely between them. There were many matters on which they thought and felt in unison, as of old. But on the subject which, to them both, was the greatest, they were as divided in heart as it is possible for any two persons to be.

This morning the postman's knock was welcomed by Mrs. Ferrier with more of interest than usual. She was awaiting an answer to a letter she had written on the Tuesday. Not daring to ask Richard how matters now stood between himself and Miss Roberts, she had taken a somewhat circuitous way of ascertaining. She had written to Mrs. Dowlas a few inquiries as to Eva, which would elicit information as to any prospects which might be vaunted by that aspiring young lady. Of the three relations whom the too rapid imagination of Mrs. Ferrier had bestowed on Eva, Mrs. Dowlas was surely the one least likely to make her niece's interests her own. Mrs. Ferrier had seen enough to be sure of that. To Mrs. Dowlas, therefore, had she penned the following inquiries: —

"Leamington, September 2, 1856.

"MADAM, — Though, perhaps, I am scarcely entitled to call myself a friend of your niece, Miss Eva Roberts, yet, as you are doubtless aware, her deceased friend and protector was a near and dear relation of my own. Therefore I cannot but be somewhat interested in her. If it would not be regarded as too great a liberty, and would not trouble you too much, I should be greatly pleased to hear of her going on well. It would give me satisfaction to hear that she is settled and comfortable in her new and proper position; that she wins the

approval of those whose affection it has become her duty to cultivate; and that she is fitting herself for that *quietly respectable* sphere of life, to which a manifest Providence has called her.

"Begging you to excuse this liberty,

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. FERRIER."

To the above letter there came on Thursday the following reply, Mrs. Ferrier and Richard having breakfasted, as we just now said:—

"*Llynbullyn, near Carnarvon, September 3, 1856.*

"RESPECTABLE MADAM, — I think it only right that I should answer your very civil and proper letter of inquiry about Miss Roberts, my niece; although it is a disgraceful and disgusting duty to me to mention her very name. What I have to tell of her is everything which is bad, and nothing which is good. After disgracing us all by goings-on the most shameful you ever heard, she has robbed us of I do not know how much property, and run away from us altogether. And a *good ridance*, I must say, she is. Every day that comes brings me some fresh story of her wickedness, — known to all the neighbourhood as well as to myself. I hear and I know it to be true, that she took up with a tall Irish fellow, of the name of M'Quantigan, who goes about the country lecturing at meetings; and I know that *the young lady* — my niece I should be ashamed to call her — was more than once seen walking with him *at night*, and going on in a way which, as the moral mother of four young children, I do not think proper to repeat. The dreadful example she was in the house, and the way in which she set herself to corrupt my husband himself — who was deceived by her *false* tongue, — this is a thing which my pen refuses to utter. Where she is now I do not know. Where she ought to be, I should be very sorry to say. And so, respectable madam, I beg you to excuse my writing anything more on this so detestable and disreputable a creature.

"I remain,

"Your's truly obedient,

"JANE DOWLAS."

"P.S. — I do not envy her the least bit in the world, — No!"

"There! There's a character for you to read!" said Mrs. Ferrier to her son, as she

almost flung this letter into his face. "You have been ready to quarrel with your mother because she would not accept Miss March for an angel. Now then! Just look what her own friends have to say of her!"

Of course Mrs. Ferrier could have no idea of the terrible disappointment Mrs. Dowlas had had, nor of the consequent enmity against her supposed niece. And the fearful and complex charges which this letter contained all sank into the mind of Mrs. Ferrier like water flowing into a dry sponge.

"Now then, Richard, *was* I mistaken, when I warned you that it would bring you no good? I should imagine you will scarcely think anything more of her now!"

Richard carelessly took the letter in hand; read the first words which met his eye; then crunched the paper up, and flung it away contemptuously into the fire-place.

"A piece of slanderous ribaldry! It is just as well for the disgusting writer of it that she is a woman, and not a man!"

"It's all very well, Richard, for you to throw my letters into the fire-place; that is very easily done. But it's quite another thing to explain away the truth."

"The truth! Why, mother, can you pretend to see anything but falsehood — gross, malicious, falsehood, in a piece of trash like that?"

"Oh, really! Then I may gather from that, that you think your mother a story-teller! Say what you think, by all means — say that I wrote it all out of my own head! Any possible thing is more likely than that there should be any fault in the angelic Miss March — I beg her pardon sincerely, — Miss Roberts."

"I will say this, mother — that you are making me think you very different from what I always did think you. I should indeed have said, a little while ago, that the implacable spirit you show was, in you, the least possible of all things."

Poor Mrs. Ferrier burst into bitter tears.

"Oh, I know it very well! I'm but too well aware how little you think of me; — what a poor insignificant creature *I* am! So I must make up my mind to see you ruin yourself, after all!"

"You will see the matter in a very different light by-and-by, mother. And, if I ask you to be more guarded in what you say now, it is not that you can possibly shake my determination — that you never can do — but because the more you say now, the more you will have to regret by and-by."

"But, Richard, Richard,—only do consider for one moment! Just fancy it to be the case of some one else, and that you were called upon to give your opinion about it. Come, now, you can hardly refuse me such a thing as that. What would you be ready to say yourself? You *know* that she is but the daughter of a convict—his illegitimate daughter, moreover. So you have no right to think it such a very unlikely thing that she should inherit evil propensities. Well, if you think all this too shocking to be believed, why not travel into Wales, and find out for yourself? I should have thought that, for her very sake, you would have been ready to do that."

"I do not feel called upon to do any such thing. And I have my reason for knowing how little that contemptible letter is worth."

"Very well! then all my hopes are at an end; and you bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave! Oh, what simpletons those people are who complain because they have no children given them! I declare I do envy such happy people—Mrs. Wettiman for example;—*with* fits, and *without* children."

We have heard of people in old time who, to their after sorrow, have had their desires literally and immediately fulfilled. Some shadow of such fulfilment was given to this last thought of Mrs. Ferrier's; for scarcely was it uttered ere the Captain, getting out of patience, quitted her presence, and left her almost in hysterics. She heard him close the house door behind him, and knew that she had driven him out of doors. Then, presently, she rang for the maid to carry away the things from the breakfast-table. When the latter had performed this duty, she had a question to put to Mrs. Ferrier.

"If you please, ma'am, Susan said I was to ask you, ma'am, whether the Captain would dine at home to-day?"

This was a small and common-place question; but it reminded Mrs. Ferrier that Richard had left the house too suddenly to enable her to answer it. It appeared to mark his growing indifference to her; and she looked upon it as the significant index of a painful and cruel change in him. Coming so closely upon their late dispute, it embittered her feelings to an unknown extent. Something more like hatred than she had ever yet known boiled up within her heart; and thus, by such a trivial question, were determined great and important issues.

But she must give some answer to the inquiry.

"Indeed, Mary, I really can't say; Cap-

tain Ferrier has gone out just now, without saying a word. I suppose you'd better tell Susan that he *may* dine at home. Yes,—I suppose that will do. Young gentlemen, now-a-days, don't like to bind themselves to anything, Mary, and they do not always keep their promises when they make them. Thank you, Mary, that will do."

And Mary went down into the kitchen. Mrs. Ferrier, as we think we said before, was very popular with her inferiors. How much was known of her family sorrows by her own two servants we cannot say. But some idea of the truth they certainly had. Their sympathies were thoroughly with their mistress. Mary, for instance, never took a slop-pail in her hand without some longing to empty it on the head whose unlawful aspirations were such a source of trouble to Mary's good mistress. Susan, the cook, was as right-minded in her walk of life, and basted an imaginary Miss March in every leg, shoulder, loin, saddle, surloin, and haunch which revolved before her kitchen fire.

Left quite alone, Mrs. Ferrier turned her eyes on Mrs. Dowlas's letter now lying in the grate where Richard had thrown it. She drew it out again, symbolically griming her fingers with the contact. But the omen taught her nothing. She was going to indulge in a second perusal of it; for it was a satisfaction thus to ascertain that Eva had won the abhorrence of so near a relation of her own.

"At least," thought Mrs. Ferrier, "they cannot say that it was all prejudice now."

So she smoothed out the paper which Richard had treated so rudely, and went over it all once more. Could she extract any good out of it? That is, would it indicate any way by which the marriage could be hindered? If Mrs. Ferrier had been convinced of her duty to hinder it when she only suspected Eva of a degraded origin, how clear became that duty when the object of Richard's insane love stood forth herself a doer of every manner of wickedness! And such was the testimony which that letter bore. Mrs. Ferrier perused it over and over again.

"Yes," she thus mused, "it is indeed an awful tale of sin and wickedness. A very tissue of iniquity! Trying her arts upon the clergyman himself;—upon him,—actually upon the husband of her own aunt;—makes one's blood run cold! Then these walks and goings on with that what's-his-name, M'Quantigan;—and, last of all, robbing her friends and running away!"

Mrs. Dowlas, in what she said as to Eva's

robbery, may not have purposed any actual falsehood. She was only expressing her own opinion as to the disposal of Mr. Gryfth's estates. But Mrs. Ferrier, who had no idea of those matters, put a construction upon the words both very natural and very wrong. She, of course, imagined Eva slinking out of the back-door at Llynbwlyn, with all the silver spoons in a bundle under her shawl,—or under the shawl of somebody else. And on the proceeds of the robbery she was likely now to be living in some unheard-of den in London.

"And just the style of conduct," her un pitying censor went on, "which I should have expected from looking at her impudent fat face, and her shameless way of behaving herself! But what now can I do?"

The young woman had placed herself, by some sort of robbery, under the ban of the law. But suppose Mrs. Ferrier should even procure against her the execution of that law, where would be the remedy out of such a course as that?

"What would happen," she thought within herself, "if I got this infamous girl pursued and placed before the magistrate, with every possible proof of her crimes? Why, only just this—that infatuated boy would go tearing down after her to London, or wherever she might be, knock the magistrate down, very likely—like that young Prince Thingumbob in the History of England—and give half of all he has, if it were wanted, to get the creature acquitted. And the whole disgraceful affair would be more publicly disgraceful still." There was nothing hopeful in that course of action.

But Mrs. Dowlas's portrait of her imaginary niece included a charge more shameful still. Eva was not so much as faithful to the man who, for love of her, was rushing down into a very gulf of abasement.

A wandering Irish adventurer, it seemed, had captivated her fancy and (as Mrs. Ferrier was quite prepared to believe) had won the extremest proofs of her attachment. Of course my lady made sure that this little episode would not hinder her design upon Richard. She knew that no testimony against her would be by him believed, and so she defied all rumour. But there must be limits even to such credulity as that. If this new intrigue could be brought under the Captain's actual knowledge he must recoil from giving his name and station to so unutterably vile a young woman. How could this be done?

Of course the wretched girl would be circumspect enough wherever she was likely

to be seen of Richard. It would cost her no effort to drop her Irish lover as rapidly as she had taken him up. But the Irishman might possibly take a different view of the affair. To be, so quickly after his promotion, cashiered for the lady's own interest, might be a joke too highly flavoured to give him any pleasure. If, before the dreadful marriage were a *fait accompli*, Mr. M'Quantigan could be roused and encouraged to push his fortune with Eva, she might be led, or compelled, into something against which even the mad passion of Richard would scarcely continue proof. So Mrs. Ferrier took up her favourite worsted-work, and began considering how she might get acquainted with that possibly useful personage, the alluring M'Quantigan.

That there be no confusion in the minds of any of our readers, we may just remind them that the identity of Murphy M'Quantigan with Bryan O'Cullamore, the evil genius of poor Mrs. Roberts, was utterly unsuspected by her sister, Mrs. Dowlas. And it had been with no predetermined falsehood, but simply from the natural bent of her own ideas, that she had put so wicked a construction on Eva's interviews with the man—interviews which nothing in the ordinary way could indeed have sanctioned.

It cleared up in the afternoon, and Mrs. Ferrier went into the town. She knew of a stationer's shop, in part devoted to the sale of ultra-protestant publications. And to that shop she betook herself on this occasion. Fortune went to meet her half-way. In the window of the shop was a large printed bill, announcing that on the Tuesday following (the 9th of September, that is), there would be a meeting in the Assembly Rooms, in order to expose—as they had never been exposed before—the errors and crimes of the Church of Rome. Chief amongst the speakers of that evening was to be Mr. Murphy M'Quantigan, whose especial role would be to give instances of the abominations and impurities of the confessional. This was a welcome discovery to Mrs. Ferrier. But she thought she should like to make sure of the identity before she committed herself to any course.

So she stepped into the shop. "Can you tell me, Mr. Gastrick," she said, "who that Mr. M'Quantigan is, who is going to lecture here on Tuesday?"

"Why, ma'am! I understand he is a most devoted man, and has converted hundreds of his countrymen from Popery. It's an awful thing indeed, ma'am, to see how Popery is getting the upper hand."

"Yes, indeed, very awful indeed, Mr.

Gastrick. But can you tell me where Mr. M'Quantigan has been lecturing lately — I mean within the last two months? Has he been anywhere in Wales?"

"Wales, ma'am? Well, I don't know. I've got a list of places here which will, perhaps, tell us. Let me see; there's Bangor, that's in Wales; yes, there was a meeting at Bangor on the evening of Tuesday, the 29th of July."

"Thank you, Mr Gastrick! I had some idea of having heard of this meeting, but was not quite sure. Thank you!"

"I hope, ma'am, we may have your support and presence on Tuesday. Will you take a ticket?"

"If you please, Mr. Gastrick. Yes, I shall certainly come. And do you think Mr. M'Quantigan would object to call upon me at my house the next day? I am — I am so convinced of the importance of this good work, that I should like to talk with him about it, and — and aid it, if I could. You know, Mr. Gastrick, a lady could not interfere at a public meeting."

"No, ma'am, in course not. Well, I'm sure Mr. M'Quantigan would be very proud to call upon you. It's a great thing to find anybody faithful in these dreadful times, ma'am."

"Dreadful times? Well, indeed, Mr. Gastrick, these are dreadful times. Young persons are getting to think themselves wiser than old ones. I don't know what the world is coming to, I'm sure. Well, I shall attend the meeting on Tuesday, and I'll bring with me a note for Mr. M'Quantigan. Will that do?"

Mr. Gastrick said no doubt it would do, and Mrs. Ferrier, hopeful once more, betook herself home again.

Richard returned for dinner, after all. And he strove, in every way, to console her for the annoyance which their dispute of the morning must have given her. On the following Monday he was to go into Lincolnshire to resume the visit to his brother, which the measles amongst the children had interrupted in July. It may be matter of wonder that Mrs. Ferrier did not seek that brother's active aid against the marriage which would be so disgraceful to all the family. Some attempt to enlist him on her side she had actually made; but he had not encouraged her in it. Nor was he prompted by any selfish desire of avoiding trouble. He knew how useless his interference would be. There was the most cordial feeling between Richard and himself. But the Captain was not much the younger, and had never been much disposed to defer

to his elder brother. And he had never been at any time indebted to him for monetary assistance. So George Ferrier, with a wisdom which, imitated by his mother, would have saved her much, surrendered himself to the assurance that Richard must and would please himself, and that if he were satisfied his family might submit.

The days which intervened between Thursday and Tuesday went by somewhat wearily and painfully to Mrs. Ferrier herself. With the feeling that she was but doing her duty, her strict duty, she, by dint of often repeating the words to herself, kept up some degree of cheerfulness. Duty and victory first, and peace and comfort afterwards, was the tenor of her constant thought.

On the Monday morning Richard left Leamington for Lincolnshire. So his mother need not fear his discovering and marring her schemes.

Tuesday evening came at last; and, about half-an-hour before the time fixed for the meeting in the Assembly Room, Mrs. Ferrier quitted her house, unattended by any one, and carrying in her bag a note addressed to Mr. M'Quantigan, and worded in the following manner:—

"9th Sept. 1856.

"Mrs. Ferrier trusts that Mr. M'Quantigan will excuse the liberty she takes in thus addressing him. An ardent admirer of the zeal he is manifesting in the great and noble resistance made by him against Popery, she has a great desire to become acquainted with him personally. She therefore ventures to ask if he will call upon her at her house to-morrow. A verbal answer given to the bearer of this note will be sufficient; and, at any time he may appoint, Mrs. Ferrier will be only too glad to receive him.

"10, Roseberry Villas, Leamington."

Arrived at the Rooms, Mrs. Ferrier sent this note by one of the doorkeepers into the room in which the speakers of the evening would assemble before they presented themselves to the audience. The large hall, in which Mrs. Ferrier had taken her seat, went on filling with ladies and gentlemen, but, on the whole, with a preponderance of the fairer sex. By-and-bye, the man to whom she had given her note came up to her, and briefly delivered himself of the answer:

"Mr. M'Quantigan says, if you please, ma'am, that he'll wait upon you at eleven o'clock to-morrow, if that would suit you, ma'am."

"Thank you, yes, perfectly well. I'm much obliged to Mr. M'Quantigan."

And in a very few minutes the door behind the temporary platform opened, and the performers for the evening, Mr. M'Quantigan amongst them, fled into the room, and were greeted with cheers from their expectant audience.

It was a portentous sight, that might have made an evil angel smile, and a good angel weep;—to see with how little wisdom the applause and admiration of a multitude may at times be won. It had been rather less astonishing if the organizers and contrivers of the Protestant gathering had been subtle traders on the sympathies and convictions of their weaker brethren. But they were of no such description. With the exception of our illustrious friend M'Quantigan, they were, as far as I ever had knowledge of them, honest and kindly natured members of society. If there was fraud in their doings, it consisted in their bringing to the work of giants the unsupported strength of pignies.

If they rightly estimated the age and its tendencies; if Popery did indeed threaten to recover more than its ancient mastery; at least they ought to have known that the occasion demanded other champions than themselves. A power so menacing and so mighty, they should have been quick in seeing was not to be overthrown or driven back by a womanish volubility of speech, and a surface acquaintance with history—with history garbled and clipped to suit the sentiments of Protestant Associations. And the harm these silly people were doing, and are doing yet, is great indeed in proportion to their mental strength. They and their much more lawless brethren in Ireland, are the greatest obstacles in the way of bestowing thorough peace on that unfortunate country. Let not such estimate of their influence be ridiculed, as one absurdly out of proportion with our estimate of their sense and ability. To heal a wound may tax the utmost medical skill the world can display; but a tipsy, crazy old epicene workhouse nurse may aggravate the sore most frightfully. Certainly the Puritans of whom we are speaking are not aware what they are doing. But their ignorance is an excuse which they must share with many with whom they would not willingly be numbered. "Ye did it ignorantly" was freely conceded to the doers of that Deed on which the light of day would not shine.

How far these remarks were especially borne out by the Protestant meeting at Leamington, may be judged from that brief

report of it which it lies within the course of our story to give.

A half-idiot Earl was in the chair. A fat, fiery-faced clergyman (not attached to any church in Leamington) was expected to say a great deal.

The noble chairman confined himself to observing how well all things had gone with our nation until the act of Catholic Emancipation, and how ill—how increasingly ill—since then. To the Earl of —, the year 1829 had converted an age of Gold into an age of Metal which grew baser and baser as time went on. He asked the audience to contrast the peace, plenty, and internal unity which had marked the reign of George the Third, with the war, want and commotion which had given its deplorable character to the reign of our own ill-advised, but still beloved Queen. Comparing the state of England in time past with her miserable condition at present, who could pretend to doubt that the favour of Providence had been withdrawn from us, and His blessing exchanged for a curse.

Thus, and with many other like words, did his lordship declare himself; and then he sat down, inviting the Reverend Jonas Bull to succeed him on his legs.

The Reverend Jonas Bull was the fat, fiery-faced clergyman, of whom we spoke just now.

He began by promising the audience that he should seek to occupy their attention for only a very few minutes; therefore we need not say that the minute hand of the clock on the wall had completed half a revolution round the dial ere Mr. Bull made way for any other speaker. But he was one of those orators who cannot leave off when they would; who go winding about sentence after sentence, in search of a proper conclusion, just like some wretched creature seeking an exit out of the Hampton labyrinth. He made his rash promise of being very brief indeed, "because my dear friends, I am sure there are others whom you must all be impatient to hear this evening. There is, especially, sitting beside me, a native of that unhappy country, which owes all her misery, all her poverty, and all her crime, to the monster Church of Rome;—dear friends, I allude to Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Yes, Ireland is an unhappy country. And what makes her unhappy? Dear friends, there is but one cause for all the misery of Ireland, and that one cause is—Popery. (Loud cheers.) Yes, Popery enslaves and degrades and impoverishes every country, whereon it has set its accursed foot. What, on the other hand, is the glory and bulwark

of our own land? Her Protestantism. (Loud cheers.) Yes, England dates all her glory from the Protestant Reformation. Protestantism gave her her Magna Charta. (Hear.) Protestantism invented printing. Protestantism discovered America. But, dear friends, what is the melancholy spectacle presented to us at this time? While the deluded, degraded, debased, nations of the Continent, who lie in Popish darkness, and who have not so much as heard of the Bible — yes, dear friends, such is the wickedness of that accursed church of Rome, that no Papist ever hears of the Bible at all, — while the men and women, thus kept in pitchy darkness, are wonderfully awaking from their superstitions, and scorning the impostures of those wretched priests; while the people who have no Bibles are casting off Popery every day, — this England of ours — oh, dear friends, I hold my handkerchief to my weeping eyes while I say it, — this highly favoured England, where the poorest and meanest is made familiar with the Scriptures from a child, — this England, where the Bible is read and understood by all, — seems likely — seems ready — to turn a favouring ear to the charming of the deceitful adder, and to bow down before the footstool of the Satanic Church of Rome. Think not, my dear friends, that, even on the besotted dupes of this wicked Church I would invoke the spirit of persecution. It is the glory of Protestantism, wherever it has held the power, to have kept inviolate the principle that there shall be no persecution for religion's sake. It is Popery, and Popery alone, that ever killed or imprisoned men for the sake of their religion; it was in the iron reign of Popery that the fires of Smithfield were kindled, and under which, if you go into any popish city abroad, you may from time to time behold the same dreadful spectacle now. For Popery never changes; she is *semper eadem*, — that is, always the same. But we would not persecute ourselves. Though no nation or country which harbours Popery ever has risen or ever can rise to so much as the lowest grade in civilization; though, where Popery has dominion, neither life nor property are ever secure; though every member of that idolatrous Church is bound, and knows that he is bound, to commit any number of murders at the command of his priest; though treason and rebellion are part and parcel of the Romanist's creed, — still we would never attack those misguided men, except, (as Elijah attacked the prophets of Baal) with the weapons of Scripture and of reason."

The speaker then meandered into a wilderness of words, in the course of which he stumbled upon the fact, that even popish kings and people have seen the necessity of curbing the pretensions of their priesthood. Then, again, he reminded the audience that the papist was in all conceivable cases the bondsman of his priest, and could never exercise a will of his own. And, at last, Mr. Jonas Bull sat down, amidst the loud and continued applause which, for quantity if not for quality, his speech very well deserved.

Two more orators were to intervene, ere Mr. M'Quantigan, the greatest light of the evening, was to rise and shine upon the assembly. And the first of these lesser luminaries was Mr. Clitheroe, the M.P. for the cathedral city of Halminster. He commenced by referring to his recent parliamentary endeavours to detect the plot which, under a second Gay Fawkes, was now on foot for the destruction of the Houses. Jesuitical influence had triumphed in the cabinet, and had hindered the discovery, which, if vouchsafed a hearing, he could easily bring about, so that none should question it. Popery was prevailing everywhere. It was a startling fact that more than one of the thrones of Europe was at this time occupied by a papist. The woman who kept the keys of the Home Office, and swept out its rooms, was, if not a papist, a constant attendant at a Puseyite church. And, with the access to state-papers thus possessed by her, she, or the Jesuits, who retained her as their tool, might substitute such instructions as would spread the accursed religion throughout the land. But to this obvious danger the Government and Parliament were traitorously indifferent and apathetic. He (Mr. Clitheroe) trusted that the meeting before him was animated by a different spirit. He would tell them one thing more, as startling as it was true. Every single murder which had been perpetrated in London, during the past ten or a dozen years, had been the direct consequence of Popish or Puseyite instigation. It was so in the case of Rush. It was so in the recent case of Palmer. The government were well aware of this, but their slavish submission to the priestly power of Rome deterred them from giving publicity to the fact. (Shame.) Yes, but it was none the less true. Jesuits and Tractarians might deny this. Of course they would. It cost them little to deny a thing. They would deny that the sun shone in heaven. (Hear.) They did put Gallio, who cared for none of those things, in a dungeon for maintaining so much as

that. (Hear, hear.) There was a day fixed early next year for a massacre of all the leading Protestants in the country. (Sensation.) The Ministry were informed of what was coming; but such was their dastardly timidity, they chose rather to fall by popish daggers than to give offence to the priests, who directed them. And, having delivered himself of one or two more disclosures, the speaker sat down in his turn, very grateful for having received a hearing so different from any vouchsafed him in the House at Westminster.

Next there got up the Rev. R. Magedon. His *forte* was arithmetical rather than historical. And very much in contrast with Mr. Clitheroe, he begged no other question than that twelve hundred and sixty added to six hundred and six make up together eighteen hundred and sixty-six. If any Jesuit could refute that, Mr. Magedon was prepared to admit himself in error. But if it were accepted as true, and he believed it would not be denied by any one there present (hear), then it was a proved and certain thing that the last grand triumph of Popery, preceding its final destruction, was close at hand. Yes; it was decreed that Rome should once again have the power. Let that inspire all with the determination to maintain the Protestantism of our beloved country. The end of the world was close at hand; let them walk in the good old ways of their forefathers, and preserve them for their latest posterity.

And now Mr. M-Quantigan got up. A few minutes more of enforced silence must, you would have thought, have caused him to burst in pieces. For, at the very first outset, his speech developed itself into a shrieking rant, which was too much for many who had most eagerly awaited him. "The warm feelings of an Irishman," his admirers were accustomed to say: "Has seen so much of the working of that fearful system in his own country, you see." But there was a serious division of opinion when this warm-hearted Irishman began reading aloud certain extracts from Peter Dens, about the confessional. The noble Chairman suggested that Mr. M-Quantigan should be content with reading the Latin, at which suggestion there was much murmuring. Mr. M-Quantigan persevered, and, at the cost of about half his audience, read as much as he pleased. It is due to Mrs. Ferrier to say that she was amongst the departing portion of the audience. But her resolution to use that man, for averting the disgraceful marriage, was not by any means

disturbed in her. We may as well narrate how the interrupted meeting ended.

The more observant of the assembly had remarked, in a corner at the back of the platform, something which looked like a desk. It was, in fact, a square piano; and, as the persons in front of it shifted their position now and then, you might obtain glimpses of a very young woman seated before it. There was much conjecture as to the cause and meaning of her appearance that night. Some said that she was one of Mr. M-Quantigan's converts, brought there to testify to his success, as the bricks in the chimney bore witness to the regal descent of Mr. John Cade, alias Mortimer. Some affirmed that she was an escaped nun, and that her account of the horrific atrocities of convent life would form the last and most instructive portion of the evening's entertainment.

But when all had spoken, the Chairman announced that it had been purposed to wind up proceedings by the singing of a song—a Protestant song. Miss Whack, the daughter of a neighbouring schoolmaster, would lead and accompany on the piano; and perhaps the ladies and gentlemen would join in the chorus. Copies of the song (at a penny apiece) were distributed among such as demanded them. "The tune," it was stated at the head of each copy, "is a march, called the 'March of the Duke of Cambridge, who was a Protestant, every inch of him.' The words were given out—that is, of the first verse. Miss Whack thumped the jingling instrument, and screamed an accompaniment with her voice. There was much chorusing about "Pope and rope," and "priest and beast," and "mass and ass," and then the thing was really over. After all, should we not be thankful that so much insanity can evaporate in words?

Mr. M-Quantigan was himself impatient for the hour of eleven next day, as well as the lady who awaited his coming. For Mr. Gastrick, who had seen Mrs. Ferrier's note before the meeting, informed him that its writer was a widow living in a very good house, and enjoying a very fair income. Our Irish friend was quite prepared to fancy that love, and not theology, was the magnet which had drawn Mrs. Ferrier into his influence. And he came into her presence at the appointed time, attired in a way which he thought might deepen the impression already made on her.

She, on her side, was preparing, as you may believe, the best and safest way of winning his confidence, and turning it to her

one great purpose. She never suspected his identity with Bryan O'Cullamore, the cruel betrayer of poor Mrs. Roberts, and also the father of her daughter. Mr. Dowlas, in his important letter to her, had mentioned O'Cullamore's employment, nearly twenty years before, in the very capacity now assumed by M'Quantigan. But, not being the most important fact of the story, it had not much impressed Mrs. Ferrier, and was now scarcely remembered by her. In truth, it can be well believed that she knew not half the extent of Orange impudence. She could not have understood, in her ignorance of controversial hardihood, that any man convicted of so mean and infamous a crime could assume, though protected by never so many folds of *alias*, the position of a religious advocate! That Mrs. Dowlas never hit upon the identity may look more striking still. But something in her nature always blinded her to anything which would extenuate the faults of her neighbours.

Mr. M'Quantigan, as you remember, had no knowledge but that Eva was his daughter. Nor had he, at present, heard of the death and unexpected will of Mr. Griffyth.

He found Mrs. Ferrier seated near a desk, in which a drawer was visibly open. She had, indeed, been looking up one or two letters which referred to the girl so much an object of her dread. Perhaps, considering all things, it was not so very absurd in Mr. M'Quantigan to fancy that he had won a heart unknown to himself. He might be called a handsome man. He was really very little the worse for the twenty years which had passed over him since he obtained such fatal ascendancy over poor Susanna Roberts.

He had reasons for thinking that an insolent swaggering tongue was not always an obstacle to female favour. Mrs. Ferrier was not a woman to admire him for that. But she thought only of the uses to be made of him. Scrupulous gentleness would have made him useless altogether. So Mrs. Ferrier went straight on her crooked way (as the gentleman himself might have said), and shut her eyes to the disgrace, never to open them until, dark and hideous, it encircled her as with a stream that flows between the living and the dead.

Mr. M'Quantigan made what he considered a very elegant bow, and accepted her invitation to sit down. Then she began in a way well calculated by her beforehand.

"I am so much obliged to you for calling

upon me, Mr. M'Quantigan; I was afraid you might think me very presuming."

"Not at all, ma'am. I'd be proud to go after you anywhere. I hope, ma'am, you were pleased with our meeting last night?"

"Very much pleased indeed, Mr. M'Quantigan. Especially pleased with the wonderful and forcible speech you gave us yourself. I was truly sorry I could not hear it all. The fact is I was taken with the toothache—I really believe it was the effect of your speech—well made up to me by the pleasure of what I did hear."

"She is in love with me, there's no question about it," the sanguine Murphy thought within himself. "I must encourage her a little to come to the point."

Then he went on aloud:

"Oh, ma'am, oh, Mrs. Ferrier, it was a glorious meeting which we had! We shall light up such a fire in England as will never be quenched—never, until the popish priests and their damnable idols are utterly consumed and confounded. I go very shortly away from here, to arouse the same spirit elsewhere in the country."

"Well, Mr. M'Quantigan, I hope that wherever you go you'll meet with the success you deserve. I do very much wish I could aid you in any way. But do you not sometimes feel a little weary of this wandering life?"

"It only wants a word or two more," thought Murphy again. "But she might be offended if I did it too soon." Then he said:

"Mrs. Ferrier, it's not of doing good that the likes of me would ever be weary at all. But I'd be thankful to settle down with a home and a wife. But I never hope for such a blessing as that."

"You should not say that Mr. M'Quantigan. Come now, don't be offended, though it's somewhat unusual, I'm aware, to talk as I am doing; but I happen to know that, at least in one quarter, your excellent qualities are fully admired, and, indeed, I may say you yourself are loved."

Could any words have been plainer? M'Quantigan was within an ace of dropping on his knees, and saying something which would have brought the interview to a very strange conclusion. But something in the lady's air—something much more easy to detect than to define—kept him from taking her quite at her word, encouraging as that word was.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "would some kind angel tell me where this comfort is to be found?"

"Ah, Mr. M'Quantigan, you're like all men — very vain, I see. Now I'll leave it to you to find out for yourself. And (of course we are both aware that what I am now going to say has nothing to do with what I was saying) — and I very much wish, Mr. M'Quantigan, to ask after a certain young lady now in Wales — I mean, Miss Roberts."

"Miss Roberts!" The excellent Murphy was startled indeed. If Mrs. Ferrier knew how lately he had seen "Miss Roberts," she almost certainly knew the tie between them, and, therefore, the shameful history of his former life. Had she brought him into her house only to convict and denounce him? No, that was absurd. If she wished to marry him (and she had all but said so now), it hardly mattered whether his former career was known to her or not.

"Yes, Mr. M'Quantigan, I know all about you and Miss Roberts. I know that you and she are bound together by no common tie. Now, am I not right?"

"Right, Mrs. Ferrier? — to be sure, you're right altogether. But may I just ask how you know?"

"Oh, I heard it from one of the family — from the young lady's aunt, in short. And I know that your claim is a rightful one, and that you have, in fact, received great encouragement."

"He speaks very confidently," she was thinking all the while; "and I don't think he'd readily give her up. Let me get them to exchange some words, which can be shown to that obstinate Richard of mine; or (better still) let me contrive for him to catch them together, and I shall gain the day, after all."

He was quick in replying to her latest remark:

"Encouragement, did you say I'd got from her, Mrs. Ferrier? Well you see, as things were, she had no choice but to encourage me. To do anything else would have brought on an exposure, you see. She did the only wise thing she could, and it'll be better for both, I trust."

"The worst that even I expected," poor Mrs. Ferrier exclaimed within herself. The wretched girl has parted with every shred of character, and this man talks quite coolly of it to me! Oh dear, oh dear; what depravity! But it's all the better for my purpose, and I really wish Richard had done no worse." "But now, excuse me, Mr. M'Quantigan," she again addressed him. "But I know and admire Miss Roberts; and have the highest respect for you. I should be truly glad, — well, now, I'll not be so rude as to be personal, — suppose we

say it would be an exceedingly good thing, if Miss Roberts were married very soon. Now, what, M'Quantigan, do you say to that?"

Mr. M'Quantigan thought a moment or two before he said anything. Why should this lady care to see Miss Roberts married? Why, doubtless, because she wished to guard against having a step-daughter thrust on her after her marriage.

Mrs. Ferrier was more calculating and less impulsive in her passion towards him, than her self-presumed husband-elect had thought her to be. He must let the plum fairly drop into his mouth, and refrain from plucking it, even with the gentlest twitch. Meantime, he might regulate his answers according to her manifest wish in each case.

"Miss Roberts married very soon — Eva married very soon, Mrs. Ferrier? Why, I say that I know it to be a very likely thing to happen, indeed."

"But it can hardly happen without you, Mr. M'Quantigan."

"That's very right and very true, Mrs. Ferrier. It ought not, indeed. But it shall happen *with* me."

"Well, now, Mr. M'Quantigan, just to put all manner of joking aside, and come to point the at once. As one, who led a very happy married life herself, while it lasted, I feel for all who are lonely in the world, and should like to make them happy, if I might: — and — allow me to tell you that I have a little money of my own."

At this point he really rose from his chair, and knelt down and kissed her hand.

"Blessed angel, that you are! I'll love you for ever and ever!"

"Poor man!" she only thought. "There's an honest warmth in his gratitude, that shows how desperately he longs for the means of marrying her. He'll come to no good with her, but it will be his own doing."

There was one other thing. Did Miss Eva's Irish admirer know of her absconding and robbing her uncle and aunt? If not, he might now be in ignorance where she was. So she promptly asked him if he were just now in correspondence with Miss Roberts.

"I hear from her almost every day," was his reply, dictated by the implied desire for an affirmative answer.

"Well, then, Mr. M'Quantigan, as you do not appear offended at my meddling with your affairs, I should very much like to see her positive promise to be married on a certain day. I have so great a dislike to any uncertainty in these cases; — and —

and if you could really let me see *that*, then I would think what I could do with the little money that I said I had."

Mr. Murphy did not quite like the idea of adjourning his own good fortune until his daughter could be married, young and handsome though she were; so he proffered a compromise.

"If you'll only believe my word, my dearest madame, I assure you that she shall never come to trouble you from the happy hour which makes us man and wife."

"Oh, I wish her well, I am sure and under your protection I should be very glad to see her. I should feel myself safe, you know;—what am I saying? I mean, we should get on better."

"My sweetest lady, now only say what you'd have me do about her."

"Well, I think," said Mrs. Ferrier, who was getting rather fidgetty under the warmth of his Irish gratitude, "I think you really should tempt her to write to you something definite; not, perhaps, to fix a day, but just to say that—loving you as she must, she wishes to leave it all to you, and awaits your own intentions. Excuse me again, Mr. McQuantigan, but I should like to be allowed to contribute to your happiness."

"Excuse me, you angel!" as he again took a kiss of her hand; "you shall just be contributing the whole and total sum—by my soul, you shall! Have you any Irish whiskey in the house?"

"Irish whiskey?" Well, I don't know. Yes, I rather think my son had some when he was here; I'll inquire."

There was some whiskey, not Irish, but Scotch, and Mrs. Ferrier, a little afraid of her new and warm-hearted friend, excused herself from keeping him company while he addressed himself to it. She had a pressing engagement, she said.

And so she left him, happy in his foretaste of mastership in that same house. He had, indeed, some difficulty in believing that good fortune to be a real thing. Yet who could mistake what she had said? There was a singular inconsistency about her, it was true, and when she seemed most thoroughly to confide in him, in the very next moment she put on a look of coldest indifference. However, that might be the natural reaction of the violence her woman's nature had been doing itself.

His own course was very clear. He must get a promise from his daughter (and she would most likely give it for the asking), not to intrude herself upon him in any wise. And, fortified with this assurance,

he might win at once a promise of another sort from the widow lady, who—somewhere or other—had seen and loved himself.

He was stopping at a very good hotel; almost as much of his latter life had been spent in such abodes as in residences of a more private kind, and his up-and-down life had made him acquainted with every grade of modern hostels, from the houses in which princes occasionally lodged to the grimy beer-shops where burglaries were planned and arranged, and husbands fought their wives.

In Mr. McQuantigan's way home, he called at the Post-office, and inquired for letters.

There were only just two for him, and one of them was a bill. The other we will read. It was written in a feminine hand, and it took the Irishman a little while to read it through, which he did in the coffee-room of his hotel, when he reached it.

Thus ran the—to our main story—very important letter:—

"Deverington Hall, Bridgewater,
September 9, 1856.

"DEAR MURPHY,—It is too bad of you to grumble because I cannot at present send you any money. At least you know that I would not refuse you anything that I could possibly give you. But, really and truly, you ought to consider, that I have suffered and risked a great deal for your sake in time past; and the least you can do is to leave me in peace, until my position becomes a more assured one; and then, dearest Murphy, you may feel assured that I shall be anxious to bring back as much of the good old times as it will be safe and prudent for us to do. And now for the prospect which, I think, is fairly open to me. I often think of what those horrid aunts who brought me up were always saying one to another—'I don't think Emma understands her position;' 'I don't think Emma is aware that she will have to gain a living by her own exertions.'

"This was all their talk if I complained of getting up to practise the piano at six in the morning, while they lay in bed until noon. If the said Emma, now more than thirty, understands her *present* position;—this it is—I shall be the second Mrs. Campion before the next winter is followed by another. Events have played into my hands. Just before our leaving town, that precious Emily's flirtation with young Larking (such a stupid young fellow!) came to the ears of her papa, who straightway took

her off on a visit to her aunt at Dieppe. If she—but not *he*—could have been dropped in the Channel by the way, it would have saved some trouble to the whole family, for she is a most tiresome and perverse girl. And though I have pretty well allowed her her own way (as the simplest and safest course), she is rather worse than better for the advantages she has had. But I cannot thank her sufficiently for provoking her papa to put her out of the way for a time. It has given me opportunities which I have improved—and last Thursday—only last Thursday, I got as decided an offer as a man with a wife yet living could possibly make me. I was suggesting that, my pupil being away from home, it might be no longer suitable for me to remain at the Hall. Then Mr. Campion fidgetted in his usual way, and asked me if I *objected* to remain. I told him that, with Deverington and its people my happiest recollections would ever be commingled. (And it was no great falsehood, for my life has been but a sorry affair.) Then my 'patron' went on—'If, indeed, it be so, Miss Varnish, why cut yourself off from such associations so soon? The highest acknowledgment which a gentleman can make to a lady shall be laid at your feet, if you will a little longer brighten my gloomy house!' I believe you are aware what that means. I have told you more than once of Mrs. Campion's failing health, and queer ways;—how she runs away, at the sight of company, like a mouse before a cat; and the knowledge of this discourages company from coming at all. (It will be different by and by.) But this woman does perplex me not a little. She is not insane, and, as I am told, it is not so many years since she was as lively and as full of conversation as any lady in all the county. If she is not insane, what is she? My dear Murphy, you would oblige me, and (very likely) benefit yourself, if (as you know so many persons everywhere) you could tell me if anything queer is known or rumoured as to the Campion family. Looking forward as I do to entering that family myself, it greatly concerns me to know. And I will tell you my reasons for thinking that, somewhere or other, there is a very awkward family secret. One day, not very long ago, I was upstairs in Mrs. Campion's room (by the way, she hates me, and sees no more of me than she can avoid), and I was looking for a sheet of note-paper to write at her request. I happened to put my hand on a drawer in a standing desk. She almost screamed out to me to let it alone. She

said, 'Don't touch that! You shall not touch that! Nobody shall look at that while I am alive!' I wondered if she were a female Bluebeard, and if the desk held the mouldering bones of her six victims. Then it seems that the property is, after all, not Mr. Campion's, but his brother's; though the brother appears really to have parted with his claims beyond the power of reasonably re-asserting them. I have seen him once. He is a very silent, unhappy-looking man, and fully bears out, in himself, the air of mystery which apparently enwraps the Campion family. To crown all, he is married, and his wife is—nobody seems to know where. He is Mr. Herbert Campion. My 'patron,' as you know, is Mr. Gerald Campion. Mrs. Gerald is thought to be failing fast. Moreover, any great shock might make an end of her at once. It is quite pitiable to hear of her changes backward and forward, from his lips: 'My poor wife appears to feel the heat a great deal.' 'This fine summer weather appears to benefit my poor wife.' It would be stupid to blame him because he has thought of a successor to her already. What with her illness and her whims (if, indeed, they are not something worse) she has left him virtually a widower for three or four years at least. She is just a corpse, only not so still.

"Remember what I ask you, dear Murphy, and at the same time, do not keep this letter. How glad I shall be to find myself in so comfortable a refuge at last! Our mutual friend, Miss Kelfinch, told me (you know when), that, though she could not retain me in her school, she would recommend me to somebody else. She did not know then of what a brilliant success she was laying the foundation-stone. I fear she would not have done as much if she had but known *all*. Yet all this family mystery fills me with a strange uneasiness. However, you will tell me anything you may hear. Write to me soon again.

"Yours always,
"EMMA VARNISH."

M'Quantigan complied with the request embodied in this letter, and destroyed it when he had twice or thrice read it.

Then he remembered that he had got a letter to write himself. It took him but a very few moments to scribble it off. It was written, as you will be prepared to hear, to Miss Roberts, Llynbwllyn Rectory, and it contained only these words:—

"*The Victoria Hotel, Leamington,*
10th, Sept., 1856.

"DEAR DAUGHTER,—I have just been thinking that not having heard from you for so long makes me anxious to know how you are. So write me a letter of some sort. Only make it a very affectionate one, for I am a little unwell. Say you'll always do whatever your papa wishes you to do; and I promise you your papa will always do as you wish him to do. You may put a five-pound note, or a ten-pound note in your letter, before you fold it up. It may be the last I shall ever ask of you.

"Your dotting father,
"MURPHY M'QUANTIGAN."

In spite of his inability to obtain any money from his lady-friend at Deverington, the Irishman was pretty well off just now. Even suppose his daughter Eva sent him nothing, there was Mrs. Ferrier, now surely available for any requirements.

So, at the Leamington Hotel, and living on its best, he continued, and meant to continue. Friday, or Saturday, would probably bring from Eva the loving and dutiful epistle which, at Mrs. Ferrier's desire, he had written to demand from her. And, with such a reply in his hand, he could boldly re-enter the widow lady's presence, and, by thankfully accepting her proffered hand, secure himself an easy and merry life as long as his days should be upon earth.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

MR. DYKHART and Mr. Ballow were in consultation together, in a private room at the "Golden Cross." It was, we may repeat, the 29th of August: and the subject of the Welsh estates had been for a time laid aside, in favour of a matter at once more interesting, and more perplexing, and that matter was—the true and rightful parentage of Eva.

The narrative confided by Mrs. Ferrier into Mr. Ballow's hands, had been thoroughly and carefully perused by Mr. Dykhart; and he and our Minchley friend were met together, to bring the whole stock of their joint knowledge to bear on the family mystery.

Mr. Ballow asked the vicar, if the written narrative, just read by him, confirmed him in his previous opinion.

"Most assuredly," Mr. Dykhart answered; "my opinion was that our young friend

Eva was the child of Mrs. Campion, and the name of Mrs. Campion occurs, in the strangest way, both in Mr. Ferrier's history of his adventure and in the letter of the Welsh clergyman. But what we want is—not conformation, but explanation; and that this paper in no way supplies. We know a little more than Mr. Ferrier knew, but that little more makes the thing darker than ever."

"Yes, indeed. The more we learn about it, the less we seem to know. But, Mr. Dykhart, you (I understand you to say) had some acquaintance with the Campion family in years gone by. Now, I was not without hope that you might know something in their history, something in their circumstances, which would give us a clue to their strange proceedings. But you appear as little able to account for their proceedings as I am. I do not regard it as so strange a thing,—Mrs. Campion's attempt (which she seems to have made) to impose a foundation on the world, for her own child. Such things have been done, and sufficient motives for such an act may readily offer themselves. But that their true and genuine offspring should be cast out into the world—that is the mystery. Could it be all the work of some one else,—taking advantage of the serious breach between the child's parents, and desirous, from purposes of his own, to get her out of the way? And this brings me round to the question, Are you acquainted with any family matters of the Campions which would make such a matter at all a likely thing?"

"I certainly cannot pretend to any such knowledge. Not that my ignorance argues the absence of all such circumstances; for my acquaintance was almost entirely with Mrs. Campion's family,—with the Somerbys."

"You knew Mrs. Campion in her early life? and you formed a high opinion of her?"

"A most high opinion. It was a greater sorrow to me than I can well describe, when my friend Leyburn, only the other day, told me that scandal had fed itself upon her name. I could not believe it then, and I am even less inclined to credit it now. But I never knew Mr. Campion. I used, at one time, to hear a good deal of the late Mr. Campion, his father."

"Indeed? Perhaps it might be worth while to recall what you heard of him. You know, that he was alive several years after the marriage of his son to Miss Somerby."

"Of course he was. I used to hear about

him through Lord Horticult's family. They had a place in Somersetshire—Mould House, it was called—and Somersetshire, you know, is Mr. Campion's county. What I heard of old Mr. Campion was nothing very good, and nothing definitely bad. He was talked of as being far from an amiable man,—very wayward in his likes and dislikes, and ready to do very absurd things rather than refrain from gratifying them. He had something of that character which, in more lawless times, might have made him one of those eccentric tyrants whose evil memory survives them in strange and dark legends. But living, as he did, in our own day, I never heard of his going beyond those petty worries which a capricious man may inflict on those about him. I see no way of coupling *him* with the affair. Not but what a better knowledge of the family might have caused me to think very differently."

"I should say it is as well to note down all the information we can heap together. Some future discovery may give it an unknown value. But you were just now speaking of scandal as having attached itself to Mrs. Campion, whom you once knew and esteemed as Miss Somerby. I know how greatly you desire, as I do, that we should come to a right understanding of all these strange things; or I should never say what I am now going to say. But do you think it quite impossible that such unhappy rumours may have had some foundation in fact?"

"I do feel entirely sure that they are utterly unfounded."

"Perhaps I am wrong to press the question any further; but, nevertheless, Mr. Dykhart, it may have occurred to you how much, in case they were true reports, is fully accounted for. Mr. Campion's repudiation of Eva, his wife's child; his separation from Mrs. Campion; the seclusion in which he has lived ever since."

"Yes, I acknowledge all that, Mr. Ballow, and I should not blame any one who, judging from these circumstances only, took the most unfavourable view of Mrs. Campion's character. I speak from some personal knowledge of her, and circumstantial evidence does not weigh with me so much as that."

"Pardon me just once again, but your knowledge of the lady was when she was very young, you say. Do you feel so sure that she might not be greatly and fearfully changed in after years? Is it quite safe to argue that she would always continue as pure-minded as you once knew her?"

"Mr. Ballow, I own how reasonable your questions are. I am going to make a sorry return on my side, for I am going to repeat my convictions, while offering no proof of what I say. I am about to give nothing but my word for what it would be much more just to give actual evidence. I have seen Mrs. Campion within the last few days. To tell you where I found her would be to break my solemn promise to herself; therefore, I can but assure you that I am still more certain than ever, were that even possible, that the reproach which has attached to her name, however plausible, is altogether undeserved. Some cause of complaint, she freely acknowledges, her husband had against her, but none so disgraceful as that."

"But is it not a pity that she would not say what it really was? For I conclude she did not tell you."

"No, she did not; and at that time, not anticipating how soon I should meet her daughter (whom she supposes to be with Mr. Campion), I did not trouble myself so much about the question. I am not without hope that she will, in time, confide in me more fully. But I should destroy all chance of that if I were too urgent with such inquiries. You will gather from this that I have the means of seeing her frequently. That is the case. But our meeting was, so to speak, quite accidental at first. I have had only two interviews with her as yet. At the latter of them I persuaded her to something which may prove of some assistance to us. I think you understand that, as *she believes*, the child remained with her father, or, in one way or another, under the father's care. So she told me. And, at that time, I had no proof that, in this belief, she was at all mistaken; although the Leyburns understood that *she* had taken the child. But now, having seen Miss March, as she is called, and having become convinced that she is the child, although brought up by neither her father nor her mother, one thing which Mrs. Campion told me occurred to my recollection very forcibly. She said that not long after the dreadful separation from her husband and her daughter she wrote to beg that, if deemed unworthy to educate the child, she might be permitted occasionally to see her. Her husband wrote a refusal of her request in terms which (she declared) were somewhat perplexing to her. All that his reply made clear was, that her petition was to remain ungranted. Now, she has permitted me to take a copy of that letter. And before I offer any comment upon it, you shall read it, and consider for

yourself what interpretation *should* be placed upon it. Here it is."

And Mr. Dykhardt drew forth the copy which, not many days before he had taken of Mr. Campion's seemingly cruel letter. Mr. Ballow read accordingly:—

"14th June, 1842.

"ADELA.—I do not find fault with your desire of seeing that unfortunate child, whom your deceitful dealing has placed in so cruel a position. I think it rather commendable in you that your feelings towards her are not entirely selfish. And the thought that the excellence which I once believed your's was not counterfeit altogether will be of some comfort to me, in the future of sorrow and mourning which now too surely lies before me. Nevertheless, I would ask you to consider for yourself, whether it would not be a foolish and selfish thing to persevere in the wish you have expressed. Is it not for the happiness of that poor child, that she should forget, speedily and utterly, the parent whom she must know no more? Let me, however, assure you, that she will not want parental care. Forsaken, and worse than forsaken, as she has been, the Lord has taken her up. She has gained a father, while (so to speak) she has twice lost a mother. Rest in my assurance that I would in no wise inflict on the innocent the suffering only due to the guilty. The child is committed to safe keeping."

"And, now, Adela, let me say that I think it better for us to keep entirely asunder. We could not be happy together. I know that the honour of my name is safe in your hands. Yet I would that we both could hide ourselves (and the unhappy cause of our parting) from the knowledge and comment of the world. I was mistaken in you, and feel as though I could never trust again. We must meet no more in this life. But it may not be forbidden us to meet again in the life hereafter.

"Your unhappy, but always loving husband,
"HERBERT CAMPION."

Thus ran the letter which Mr. Ballow now read, as hastily copied by Mr. Dykhardt.

"I may just observe," said the latter gentleman, "that though I wrote this off rather quickly, yet I made no mistake in the transcribing. I was careful as to each word. And now let me ask what you think of it?"

"Why, coupling it with what we know from other sources, I cannot doubt what it was which the writer intended to express. He—that is, Mr. Campion—writes under

the idea that the plan of imposing upon him the child of Mrs. Roberts as his own had been actually carried out. His allusion to the friend unexpectedly raised up for the child is meant for Mr. Ferrier. I cannot doubt—if I ever doubted very much—that the gentleman, of name unknown, who called to inquire as to the child, was Mr. Campion himself."

"Certainly! it must have been he. But then, how came he to be so fearfully mistaken? If Mrs. Campion was really privy to that abortive attempt in Scarlington House—and it is with the greatest difficulty I can bring myself to believe her guilty of so much as that—it must be that her husband thought—thinks still, most likely—that the child was really palmed off upon himself and the world as his own. Hence his unforgiving anger; hence all the misery to which he has doomed both his wife and himself. And hence it is that our youthful friend, as far as her rightful position is concerned, has been made a downcast outcast."

"So I should say. Yet how came it to pass that Mr. Campion was so readily and so thoroughly convinced of his wife's treachery? If she had in some degree acted wrongly, she had all the greater motive for not allowing him to think her more blameable than she was in truth. How can we account for such monstrous apathy?"

"In no way, from what we *now* know; except, indeed, that—as she tells me herself—Mrs. Campion lost her reason for a time, after the discovery and rupture with her husband. But that very fact only shows that she had cause for all the horror with which it appears to have afflicted her. I think, with you, that some evil agency was at work elsewhere. If we could get hold of Mr. Campion, or if Mrs. Campion could nerve herself to give us full particulars of the affair, as known to her, our doubts might all be cleared away."

"Is there no hope of these things?"

"I have great hope—very great hope—that Mrs. Campion will confide in me more fully by-and-bye. To press her too hastily would very greatly retard our chances of success; and as to Mr. Campion, I understand that he purposes returning to England in the beginning or middle of October. He is said to be travelling in North America now. I am informed that he will almost certainly stop a few days in London, and I know at which hotel he is accustomed to stay. Now, if it be within the powers of contrivance, I should say that we *must* see him when he comes. We must both wait

upon him, and, if we can, before any one else obtains speech of him. We do not know who may be watching to thwart us even now. Will you endeavour to contrive this meeting with him? We must come with all our documents ready to lay before him; and we must not allow him, angry and impatient as he will very likely be, to turn us out until he has heard every word we think proper to say to him. Are you of the same opinion with myself?"

"Entirely so; and I will do my utmost to carry out the plan you—I think, most wisely—propose. But, as it must be several weeks before we can see Mr. Campion, is there nothing to be done in the meantime? Is there no possible way of ascertaining *whose* contrivance has wrought all this error and mischief?"

"I do not see my way to that just now. The person most interested in making Mr. Campion appear childless is his brother Gerald. But he bears a name which should exempt him from suspicion, and we are not driven as of course to believe *him* guilty. We do not know into whose hands his brother may have fallen, or whose interest it may have been to detach him from his lawful family ties. You have looked into the Register, at Fulham, for the name of Mrs. Campion's child?"

"Yes; and I find that on the 14th of April, 1839, Teresa, the daughter of Herbert and Adela Campion, was baptised in due form. I also find her name in the Registry of Births as of one born in Fulham, on the 14th of March in that same year."

"Then our young friend is only in her eighteenth year?"

"So it would seem. She looks so much older than if the evidence of her identity were less strong. I confess I should entertain some doubt. But I do not see that the thing is incredible, as it is."

"Nor, indeed, do I. And now I recollect that her aunt Julia, to whom she bears so marvellous a resemblance, was thought very forward in appearance for her age. By the way, does Miss March—we had better continue to call her so, for the present—does she go back with you to Minchley?"

"Why, yes; I do not see what other plan we can pursue. But, for one or two reasons, I really wish we could hit on some other."

"Indeed! Will it be rude in me if I ask why?"

"I am only too glad to have such questions to answer. Why as it will scarcely surprise you to hear, of course there has

been a good deal of gossip about Eva, and all this series of discovery and counter-discovery; and, for a time, it would be a great deal pleasanter if Eva could live away from Minchley. But I do not see how it is very well to be done. Now that we feel so certain that she is a real lady by birth and parentage, it would scarcely answer for her to be living with good Mrs. Check."

"No, to be sure not. My wife and I would gladly entertain her for any length of time; but Mrs. Dykhart's health hardly admits of our having visitors, and the Leyburns, I know, are going from home for several weeks. I was going to propose a plan of my own. I have an old aunt, of the name of Torring, living at Chelford, only a few miles from Deverington Hall, the seat of the Campions, you know. When I went to see her, about a month ago or more, she was wishing she could find some nice young lady to live with her as a companion. Now my aunt is a rather eccentric old lady; but I can answer for it that she would treat any young person living with her in such a capacity as her equal altogether. Now, if Miss March herself approved of this plan, should you object to her taking up her abode with my aunt for a time? It might procure her an entrance into the very society in which, if her rightful claims are ultimately made clear, it will be her place to move. Moreover, we do not know how much it might not assist in smoothing the way towards the discovery we both so much desire."

"True, I see much to commend the plan. If Eva likes the idea herself. I have no objection to offer on my side. I am not so sure that we shall get the acquiescence of Mrs. Ballow. She will think of all those terrible uncles in the story-books, who murder their nephews and nieces, as well as rob them. However, as my wife has determined that this affair must and shall arrive at a triumphant *denouement*, why, it would not be very consistent in her to feel seriously frightened."

"Then, if you will consult Mrs. Ballow and Miss March, I, meantime, will write to my aunt Torring; I know that if she has suited herself it must have been very recently."

Eva, uncomfortable at the idea of going back at once to curious, gossiping Minchley, caught rather eagerly at the proposal which Mr. Dykhart had made. Mrs. Ballow, when she heard of it, did certainly think it a venturesome one. However, all romances, with few exceptions, end well, and Eva's romance appeared to be going

according to precedent; and if any terrible incidents did come out of this journey into Somersetshire, they would issue in good, no doubt. So Mrs. Ballow wrote back, that she had no decided objection to offer to the scheme, which did, however, fill her with a lively anticipation of something horrible.

On the very same day which brought this letter from Minchley there came a letter from old Mrs. Tarring, to say that she should have great pleasure, on her nephew's recommendation, in trying how she and Miss March were suited one to another.

And the upshot of all these arrangements was, that on Saturday, the 6th of September, Eva, escorted by Mrs. Check, went down into Somersetshire to Mrs. Tarring, to remain during a month for certain, for such longer time as mutual liking and mutual convenience might render agreeable to both parties. It must not be imagined that Eva, all this while, was forgotten by her friends in Wales. It was not thought expedient, until the arrangements could be made complete, to inform Mr. Dowlas of the wealth in store for him. Not to make her continued absence from Tremallyoc too much of a wonder, Eva did inform him that she was endeavouring, with the advice and assistance of her lawyer, to contrive some concession in his favour. The nonentity of their relationship would not be made known to him until the other matters were all made ready.

To Mrs. Roberts Eva wrote, assuring her of a sufficient income for her own enjoyment; but warning her against acting as though she had become very rich. This caution was rendered necessary by the behaviour of the poor woman herself. For, as Mr. Lewis heard through old Miss Tudor, Mrs. Roberts was beguiling her lonely days by a series of tea-parties—tea-parties as gay as decorum allowed in a house out of which a funeral had so recently passed. Not as yet had she succeeded in showing the splendid tea-service to her sister's envious eyes. Mrs. Dowlas continued sulkily resentful, and that supreme drop of joy in Mrs. Roberts's cup, figurative and literal, was to remain untasted forever. But, as there was really no knowing to what extravagance this foolish woman might be tempted, on the strength of her daughter's fictitious heirship, it was a positive duty to give her some idea that things were not as she supposed.

A day or two before Miss March went down into Somersetshire, she received a letter from Mr. Dowlas, in which he spoke of Murphy M'Quantigan. He reminded

Eva how he had promised her, as a means of securing Susanna against any approaches of the Irishman, to make some few inquiries as to the recent life of the great Protestant advocate. He now could tell her that his inquiries had issued in a result at once painful and pleasing. Painful, inasmuch as they revealed fresh wickedness in a man already known to be so wicked; pleasing, inasmuch as they afforded a means of guarding Mrs. Roberts against him. "I learn," Mr. Dowlas wrote, "that this unhappy man, employing his old pretence of controversial zeal, obtained, some few years ago, an employment connected with a ladies' school (I believe he taught Latin and one or two other things): but what chiefly concerns us is, that some very questionable intercourse between himself and one of the under-teachers there compelled the mistress at once to dismiss them both. And, should he persecute your mother with any serious proposals, it will be something to have this matter against him. Your accession to so much wealth is likely, I fear, to bring him upon you, when he hears of it. It is sad to speak to you of your father as of your enemy; but we are both agreed that all your duty is due to your innocent parent. My children send you their best love."

Eva was glad to be assured that, in about a week, the whole truth of the affair would be just as well known to the family in Wales as to herself.

The evening was coming on, when she entered the town of Chelford, in the fly which had brought her from Bridgewater station. Mrs. Tarring lived in an old-fashioned house in the outskirts of the quiet little town. Mrs. Check and Eva alighted at the gate, and the luggage was carried in through the little garden in front to the house-door. At that door stood Mrs. Tarring. She was scarcely a woman whom you would pass at any time without regarding, and Eva, of course, was disposed to look at her attentively.

She was decidedly tall. She carried her eighty-four years as well as ever so great a number was borne since the days of our sojourn shrank to their present brief span. She was very nearly as upright as she could have been at twenty. She wore her own hair, white as wool, but abundant in quantity. Almost as white was the tint of her face, and though you could scarcely say that her features carried so much as the relics of any beauty; yet, so gently had the hand of time passed over them, that, with the tale of years which was written on

them, they were most attractive now. She walked wonderfully; her eyesight was good, and her hearing would have been quick for a person in the prime of life. Eva had been warned to expect that, with manners fundamentally good, this lady mingled a few eccentricities. She found the warning available at the very first. When she approached the door, at which Mrs. Torring was standing, the old lady gave utterance to her apparent astonishment in one emphatic — "Law!"

Eva scarcely knew what to say on her side. But she was presently greeted very intelligibly and warmly.

"Well, my dear, I'm very glad to see you, and I hope we shall get on well together. I had no idea you were so very pretty. I was never so pretty as you are, but I'll tell you what — I was once as young; yes, I was indeed. And how old do you think I am now? Why I'm eighty-four; and I've had a very comfortable life. And am very well off in my old age. Well, now come in, and have your tea, and Patterson shall show you up to your room. Why, who have you got here?"

Eva presented Mrs. Check, and Mrs. Torring, with peremptory hospitality, insisted that Eva's escort should remain with her until the Monday, which arrangement was accepted. Eva made a movement towards the staircase.

"Law, Patterson!" said her mistress, "why, you look as if you'd lost your wits. Show the young lady to her room, and look out to see where you can put the old one."

Mrs. Patterson, who really had been looking as one from whom the present has vanished, and whose thoughts are gone back into the past, now started, as one suddenly awakened, and performed her duty towards Eva. Miss March knew that servants are not always well disposed towards persons in the capacity in which she had come to Chelford, and she was very much relieved to find Mrs. Torring's principal servant so extremely attentive. Patterson seemed to take a positive pleasure in consulting her as to every little arrangement involved in the taking possession of her room. She looked at Eva, and watched the replies which her questions called forth, just like some one waiting for the responses of a mighty oracle. It would have been an attention almost oppressive, only that Eva's expectations had rather run the other way, and so the disappointment could not be too complete.

After a brief toilette, Eva joined the old

lady in her drawing-room, and they had their tea. It was a pleasant room, with a little of that preciseness which we associate rather with old maids than with old widows. But Mrs. Torring had never had any children. She was the widow of a colonel, had seen a great deal of the world in her time, and what had now become a distinction very rare, had visited France before the Revolution. She talked, during tea, of this and kindred matters. When it was over, she entered on things more directly concerning the immediate present.

The old lady sat back in an arm-chair, with a large book on an easel before her; but she was not reading.

"Well, my dear, now I've got a question to ask you. How do you think you shall like me?"

"I think I shall like you very well," Eva said, taking Mrs. Torring at her word, and giving her a direct reply.

"You think you will? Well, I'm very glad to hear you say so, because it's not everybody that does like me. There's Miss Varnish, at Deverington Hall, she doesn't like me in the least; she knows I've found her out."

"A friend of yours?" Eva asked, feeling that she must say something.

"A friend of mine! No — nasty creature! I hope I know her a little better. She's a nasty, wily, slimy thing. I as good as told her so when she was last here. What do you think she's doing? Why, making love to her master, or whatever you may call him, while his wife is still alive. There, my dear, now what do you think of such conduct as that?"

"Why, I think, Mrs. Torring, it cannot be too severely condemned. But on that very account, one should be quite sure before accusing anybody of it."

"Well, my dear; you're right to say so. I consider that remark of your's a very wise and proper one. Yes, my dear, I do. You know we are told never to speak evil one of another. But, as for that nasty thing, we'll have her some day, and then you shall see for yourself."

Eva felt no particular interest in the blame which might or might not attach to the aspiring Miss Varnish. Knowing how bitterly and unjustly she herself had been credited with matrimonial intriguing, she was, perhaps, rather inclined to disbelieve such accusations, and to support those against whom they might be levelled. But the name of Deverington Hall had a very great interest indeed for Eva. Before parting with her Minchley friends on

the previous day she had been entrusted with a full knowledge of all the facts in Mr. Ballow's own possession, and likewise of all the suppositions which had been built upon them. And she had been recommended, in case the chance was offered her, to ac-

cept, by all means, the acquaintance of Deverington Hall and its inmates. That such an opportunity would be offered her at all Mrs. Campion's morbid state rendered somewhat improbable.

THE RUSSIAN STEPPE.—Not unlike our own western prairies, the Russian steppe consists of a vast illimitable plain, its monotonous expanse stretching away in every direction to the horizon, never broken by a hill or even a tree, but undulating like an ocean whose waves have suddenly been arrested. For thousands and thousands of miles these gentle undulations succeed one another, such a sameness pervading the landscape, that, at last, though the traveller knows that his horses are galloping on and he sees the wheels of his car turn round, yet he seems fastened to the same spot, unable to make any progress. Not even a bush is to be seen on the level ground, not a rivulet is to be heard, but here and there in the hollow are tall green reeds and scattered willows, where sullen rivers flow slowly along between sandy banks. So far do these desolate tracts extend that it has been declared that a calf born at the foot of the great wall of China might eat its way along till it arrived a well-fattened ox, on the banks of the Dnieper. In the spring the steppe possesses a peculiar charm of its own. The grass is then comparatively soft, and of a dazzling green. Here and there, literally, "you cannot see the grass for flowers," "for they grow in masses, covering the ground for acres together, hyacinths, crocuses, tulips, and mignonette. The air is fresh and exhilarating, the sky is clear and blue, and the grass rings with the song of innumerable birds. In some districts the steppe retains for a length of time the beauty with which spring has clothed it, but in the interior, where rain is unknown, when summer comes, the pools and water-courses dry up, and the earth gradually turns dry, and hard and black. Shade is utterly unknown; the heat is everywhere the same. At morn and eve the sun rises and sets like a globe of fire, while in the noontide it wears a hazy appearance, due to the dust which pervades the atmosphere like smoke. The herds grow lean and haggard, and the inhabitants appear wrinkled and melancholy and darkened by the constant dust to an almost African hue. In the autumn the heat lessens, the dust-colored sky becomes once more blue, and the black earth green, the haze gathers into clouds, and the setting sun covers the sky with the splendor of gold and crimson. With September this

phase ends. No yellow cornfields, no russet leaves, throw a glory over the later portion of the year; but October comes in wet and stormy, and soon after winter arrives, cold and terrible, sweeping the plains with hurricanes and snowstorms.

MEMOIRES D'UNE ENFANT. Par Madame Michelet. (Hachette.)—In this volume the wife of the eminent French historian tells, in a charmingly brilliant, though artless style, and with genuine though ingenuous feeling, the story of an interesting childhood, made somewhat gloomy through the coldness of her mother and the want of genial playmates. She was the second girl, and remembers so minutely all the drawbacks of her infancy, that we can understand now why second girls are so often a little unhappy, whilst the first-born becomes the companion of her mother. Madame Michelet gives us, with a dramatic simplemindedness, the key to many traits in childhood which so few of us can thoroughly interpret or analyze, because few of us have any but a rather dim recollection of what we thought and felt long years ago. The writer's story of her first doll, which she had to manufacture herself out of scraps of wood and rags and a little bran, is almost tragic; the reader follows it with the lively interest which he would bestow on a plot contrived by the grown-up people in a half-sensational novel. The bright spot in this sad childhood is the unbounded, almost idolatrous love, which the affectionate child bears to her old father. The life of this adventurous father, who was with Toussaint l'Ouverture at St. Domingo, and with Napoleon at the Isle of Elba; who fought in the ranks of negroes, and married, after forty, his young pupil, the fourteen-years-old daughter of an American slave-owner; who lived at Montauban, and went to die at Cincinnati, is related with enthusiastic affection, and was, indeed, worth relating. Although Madame Michelet belongs to the school of sentimental writers, she is so superior to them in graceful vigour and terseness of style, genial openheartedness, boldness of expression, and frankness of feeling, that she has made of the analysis of a child's sentiments a philosophical and almost manly book.

From the Spectator.

THE CLOTHES OF THE MIND.

MR. ERNST SCHULZ's very extraordinary entertainment at the Egyptian Hall is something more than a mere amusement. Any one who has seen the forty-eight utterly different transformations through which the young German's sensible, observant, slightly humorous, not otherwise very remarkable face passes in the course of the ninety-six minutes or so during which the entertainment lasts, — just one transformation for every two minutes of the time, — will be dull if he does not begin asking himself a dozen different and not very easily answerable questions on the secret of mental clothes, the mode in which one and the same mind, in one and the same body, manages to assume and throw off this immense variety of widely separated moral costumes, ranging from the stupid, pudgy pride of the wealthy English Philistine, to the wild animal pride, deeply seamed with animal cares, of the Red Indian Chief. Of course in such a character as the Chief of the Fox Indians Mr. Schulz gives himself the help of head-dress and costume; but in several of the changes through which his face passes, there is absolutely no alteration even in the arrangement of his hair, the whole transformation being due to the alteration in the attitude and lines of his face, the altered curve of the eyebrows and the lips, the angle at which the head is held, or thrown back or forwards, and the lines, deep or shallow, into which he ploughs his pliant countenance. Take, for instance, his representation of what he calls the phlegmatic temperament, — a full front, sallow face, with very few lines, hair brushed to the back, lips full, chin slightly heavy, eyes not closed, but only half open, great display of ears, big white cravat, and very little neck, and compare it with just the same front face, as he gives it us in his ideal Professor, the hair arranged in precisely the same way, no addition whatever, except in the blue-rimmed spectacles, a white cravat not very different in magnitude from that of the phlegmatic man, and yet without even a family likeness of expression between the two faces. The whole difference consists in the open, bright, twinkling eyes, which peer out eagerly through the professorial spectacles, the slightly distended, dogmatic nostrils, which seem to quiver with positive assertion, and the horizontally elongated mouth, which

thins out the lips and draws them wide, sending away from the corners elliptic curves, with the long axis horizontal. In the phlegmatic man's face, on the contrary, the under lip is thick and prominent, throwing a deep shadow on the chin, and the only line is that which seems to divide the double chin, — the true chin from the underhanging flesh. Here the whole character of the very same face is altered without even a change of hair or beard, or the slightest alteration in the angle at which it is seen, from a type of the most abstract dogmatic activity, — square with the acute inculcation of positive teaching, — into one of gross phlegmatic heaviness, that would seem to be not only of a much lower type of culture, but of a coarser family stock. Mr. Schulz's own natural face, though much younger and less lined altogether, is no doubt nearer to that of the professor, — a German professor, by the way, — than to "the phlegmatic man," of whom he has very little trace indeed in his natural composition; but no one would suspect his very close personal relationship to either of the two characters, if they did not know it beforehand. One of his most efficient expedients in effecting these changes is, — that after he has thrown his face into the deep, artificial lines which he chooses for the moment to assume, he casts upon it, thus metamorphosed, a very much intenser light than any which is ever thrown upon his own natural face, the effect of which is very much to heighten all the lights and deepen all the shadows, so that the newly assumed expression is enormously intensified as compared with what it would express in an ordinary light. If any one has ever noticed how much any even common expression of pleasure, or awe, or misery is intensified by a flash of lightning suddenly passing over the face which wears it, he will get some slight conception of one of the most important means of Mr. Schulz's wonderful self-transformations. We observed repeatedly that, after he had assumed his new aspect, we could still trace clearly enough Mr. Schulz's own natural expression beneath the new one, until the intense light of the lamps was cast upon it, when the natural Mr. Schulz entirely vanished, and the expression he had assumed was so greatly intensified as to swallow up, as it were, the natural face beneath. So, a room with a new window thrown out will look at first, even in the dusk, half strange and half familiar, but if a blaze of light is let in through it, the whole effect of the room is so changed by the emphasis thus

given to this new feature of it, that you can barely recognize the old features at all.

It is curious to notice how much of our natural interpretation of the meaning of certain lines and attitudes of the face depends not so much on those lines and attitudes themselves, as on the context in which we find them, and which is made to suggest to us an interpretation of its own. In one part of his entertainment Mr. Schulz takes a framework of painted cardboard, or some substance of that nature, representing various head-dresses, such as a monthly nurse's, a scolding elderly female's in a bonnet with yellow strings, a fascinating spinster's "of a certain age," and so forth, and frames his own face in it, so as to give a new marginal gloss or commentary as it were to the very same attitudes of face which he has before presented to us under no such disguise. The same thing is done later in the evening by the use of real head-dresses, — turbans, feathers, &c. In each case the observer, preoccupied and retained as it were in favour of a special interpretation by the associations connected with the head-dress, whether painted or real, construes the very same lines and expressions of countenance which seemed to say one thing when they stood alone, into quite a different meaning when he is prejudiced by this external commentary. Thus two of Mr. Schulz's representations are really, if you compare the countenances alone — the mere lines and expressions of the face — precisely alike, — the one which he calls, we think, "the genial man," and in which he is unaided by adventitious costume and framework, and the one in which he represents the amiable spinster whom he calls Miss Evelina Matilda Peablossom. Put your hand over the hair and neck-tie of the photograph of the one, and over the ringlets and face of the photograph of the other, and precisely the same features in precisely the same posture, and lined with precisely the same lines, remain; yet while the one picture seems to express a self-satisfied smirk of self-love overflowing into general approbation and good humour, the other seems to express a (rather vulgar) admiration felt for another, overflowing into a certain limited measure of humble satisfaction with herself. The long ringlets are alone answerable for this difference of impression. Long ringlets so uniformly plead for approbation, and are so expressive not of self-confidence, but of plaintive requests for admiration, that they put a new gloss on the smirk of the features, and turn it from

the excess of self-esteem into the imploring hope of female vanity that it has not quite failed.

The least interesting and yet perhaps most popular part of the entertainment is the exhibition of the various kinds of beards and moustaches which Mr. Schulz manages to exhibit by means of an optical apparatus, which casts the appearance of a very black beard or moustache of any shape he chooses, on his face, from which it vanishes again at a touch like a shadow of a cloud on the appearance of the sun. The only intellectual interest this part of the exhibition has, is not in itself, — for there is nothing but the novelty of the optical delusion which is its method to distinguish it from the disguising effect of false beards and moustaches, in which none but children would take much interest, — but in the illustration it gives us of the absolute externality of the whole machinery of expression. When you see the great, rough, black "democratic beard," as Mr. Schulz calls it, cloud the air for a moment with a shadowy flicker, and then settle in a solid grove on the face, and again at a touch dissipate into the air and leave it as white and pale as ever, we can scarcely help realizing not only that the special gleams of expression which Mr. Schulz brings and banishes at pleasure are equally shadows, and still more of intellectual shadows, but that the mind sits as loose to the mechanism of expression, worked through the movement of its own features, as it does to that worked by casting external shadows upon the face, or making itself in actual costumes. When Mr. Schulz, in imitating "the pious man," makes himself — no doubt without knowing it — look so absurdly like Lord Shaftesbury in a moment of lugubrious devotion, or, in imitating "the melancholy man," makes himself the image of an acquaintance of ours who was once melancholy mad, it is impossible not to fancy that Mr. Schulz might, if he pleased, almost live one distinct life in his own mind, and quite a different apparent life in the external world; that to himself he might be known, for instance, as a man never even for a moment content with his position, while to the world he might live as a man abounding in pride and self-elation; or that to himself he might be known as an acute and vigilant observer, while he could seem to the world a model of absolute inanity. He makes us feel, at all events, that with him the expression assumed by the face is almost as voluntary as the costume assumed by the person, that

he could as easily put on the one as the other, and become a Fox Indian to Fox Indians, or a monthly nurse to monthly nurses, as he can be a German physiognomist to his audience at the Egyptian Hall. The most curious question which his entertainment suggests, is this:—Has the character of each man a natural dress of its own beyond and over itself, as the body has?—is a certain costume of expression, which covers and conceals without properly disguising the true character, the *natural* clothing of a civilized mind, or is it the very character itself, the naked individual character, without dress of any sort, which should come out in the expression of sincere men? For our parts, we believe that just as it is natural with all civilized men to wear clothes, and clothes are not an insincerity, but a decency of the body;—so that it is natural with all civilized minds to wear moral clothes; and that moral clothes,—that is, moral lines of expression which express something more than the mere individual man, moral lines of expression which, while they are individual enough to tell the intellectual stature, and the capacities, and the nature of the individual, still veil from the eye of others the inmost individuality,—are not an insincerity or mask, but a decency of the mind. Mr. Schulz himself, while putting on all sorts of moral masks and dominoes over his own personal moral costume, never took that off to show the absolute individual stripped of all moral conventions beneath. And the eras in any history or society when men are disposed to throw off all the national and conventional *dress* of character, as we may call it, and expose the naked individuality beneath, are usually eras of danger, revolution, and national shame.

From the London Review.

DR. STARK ON CELIBACY.

In the story of "Kavanagh" we find a schoolmaster who sketches a plan of arithmetic by which that dry study may be rendered as interesting as a romance. From the last reports of the Scottish Register Office we learn that the death rate among bachelors is double what it is among married men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty: between thirty and thirty-five it remains at nearly the same proportion;

while on the whole, taking married and single in the lump, husbands live twenty years longer than unmarried gentlemen. Now if we take these statistics to be correct, they give rise to one or two curious reflections. Is the superior duration a direct effect from the cause? We forget if Cornaro included matrimony among his receipts for longevity; but it is evident that after Dr. Stark's announcement, a modern Cornaro must do so. We must marry to live. Whatever be the risks that surround the more complete state they are altogether overbalanced by a lengthened lease of existence. It is better to be worried by a vixen than be shuffled off before our time. It is, literally, either "death or Anastasia," as Morton puts it. Dr. Stark should have had his *carte* taken before Valentine's-day with Azrael standing by him, and demanding of a bachelor, "Your marriage certificate or your life." We are certain the design would have been eminently popular with young ladies. There is a story of a prescription for a king in the Old Testament, to which we need not more directly advert than to say it touches the subject we are upon. Another grace is bestowed on the sex. They are more than ever our preservers. We can love them now as we do ourselves. Hygiene shakes hands with Hymen. But what if Dr. Stark's figures bear a different interpretation? Suppose we regard the hecatomb of bachelors as an offering upon the shrine of blighted affection? Young men are jilted, and die of it. Their more fortunate friends bask in the heat of the domestic hearth, while poor "Tom's a-cold," "Tom all alone" shivering in the dreary world without, until he is carted off under the direction of an economical Necropolis Company. Indeed, this suggests to us that bachelors could not do better than combine for the purpose of interring each other as cheaply as possible. Dr. Stark puts matters in a way that there is no shirking. He does not say whom or what you are to marry, but widow or maid you must engage with, if your career is not to be cut down to half its legitimate extent. The reason of the wonderful difference is certainly not on the surface. Bachelors are not invariably rakes; and a modern bachelor well schooled in the modes of pleasure knows how to enjoy them with as little detriment to his health as possible. It is said that a man with asthma survives that complaint for an intolerable period; but we refrain from associating his powers of endurance with those of a father of a family. A bachelor should have few cares even if he keeps late

hours. Then we have heard of "old" bachelors; is the race threatened with extinction? The more we look at Dr. Stark's sums the more they puzzle us. His bachelors, for we are tempted to believe that he is in a measure the proprietor of the lot he makes an example of must be an entirely different set from those we are accustomed to meet. What kills them? And when we have asked that question we should like to know why they apparently prefer sudden death to lingering matrimony. Dr. Stark with a grim exactness, holds out this warning scroll of mortality, which we have no doubt will be made a text sheet by mothers with marriageable daughters. It comes opportunely at the commencement of the season. Can meerschaum or the cigars of Havana be the cause of the mischief? Would a latch-key unlock the mystery? Do bachelors pine at lonely moments in chambers and lodgings, and then expire of broken hearts? Dr. Stark should have informed us of the number of young ladies who live and die unwon. He should have set one column off against the other. We are curious on this point, or rather curious as to the manner in which Dr. Stark would make it, for our own Registrar-General has never produced the startling effects of the Scotch statistician, although he has cast up very similar accounts.

In Scotland, Dr. Stark's native ground, there is a bold indecision on the subject of marriage which periodically affects the returns of births. But Scotland is a very pious country, and the good people do not mind trifles as long as they observe the Sabbath, and keep music out of the churches. We trust, however, that the fatal influence of celibacy, as shown by Dr. Stark, will have an effect upon those incidental moralities which do not include the crime of whistling in the streets on Sundays. For us the figures are pregnant with conviction if we could only be satisfied as to their correctness. Figures, after all, are nothing if not correct, and when Dr. Lankester pronounced his sweeping opinion on the women of London, it made every difference in the force of it to find that he was only half right. If Dr. Stark is right, bachelors should literally marry in haste in the teeth of the rest of the saw. If Dr. Stark is wrong, they do not lose much after all for taking the course suggested by his calculations.

From the Saturday Review.

WOMEN'S HEROINES.

A VIGOROUS and pertinacious effort has of late years been made to persuade mankind that beauty in women is a matter of very little moment. As long as literature was more or less a man's vocation, an opposite tendency prevailed; and a successful novelist would as soon have thought of flying as of driving a team of ugly heroines through three volumes. The rapid and portentous increase of authoresses changed the current of affairs. As a rule, authoresses do not care much about lovely women; and they must naturally despise the miserable masculine weakness which is led captive by a pretty face, even if it be only upon paper. They can have no patience with such feebleness, and it may well seem to them to be a high and important mission to help to put it down. It became, accordingly, the fashion at one time among feminine writers of fiction to make all their fascinating heroines plain girls with plenty of soul, and to show, by a series of thrilling love adventures, how completely in the long run the plain girls had the best of it. There is a regular type of ideal young lady in women's novels, to which we have at last become accustomed. She is not at all a perfect beauty. Her features are not as finely chiselled as a Greek statue; she is taller, we are invariably told, than the model height, her nose is *retroussé*; and "in some lights" an unfavorable critic might affirm that her hair was positively tawny. But there is a well of feeling in her big brown eyes, which when united to genius, invariably bowls over the hero of the book. And the passion she excites is of that stirring kind which eclipses all others. Through the first two volumes the predestined lover flirts with the beauties who despise her, dances with them under her eye, and wears their colours in her presence. But at the end of the third an expressive glance tells her that all is right, and that big eyes and a big soul have won the race in a canter. Jane Eyre was perhaps the first triumphant success of this particular school of art. And Jane Eyre certainly opened the door to a long train of imitators. For many years every woman's novel had got in some dear and noble creature, generally underrated, and as often as not in embarrassed circumstances, who used to capture her husband by sheer force of genius, and by pretending not to notice him when he came into the room. Some pleasant womanly enthusiasts

even went further, and invented heroines with tangled hair and inky fingers. We do not feel perfectly certain that Miss Yonge, for instance, has not married her inky Minervas to nicer and more pious husbands, as a rule, than her uninky ones. The advantage of the view that ugly heroines are the most charming is obvious, if only the world could be brought to adopt it. It is a well-meant protest in favour of what may be called, in these days of political excitement, the "rights" of plain girls. It is very hard to think that a few more freckles or a quarter of an inch of extra chin should make all the difference in life to women, and those of them who are intellectually fitted to play a shining part in society or literature may be excused for rebelling against the masculine heresy of believing in beauty only. Whenever such women write, the constant moral they preach to us is that beauty is a delusion and a snare. This is the moral of Hetty in *Adam Bede*, and it is in the unsympathetic and cold way in which Hetty is described that one catches glimpses of the sex of the consummate author of the story. She is quite alive to Hetty's plump arms and pretty cheeks. She likes to pat her and watch her, as if Hetty were a cat, or some other sleek and supple animal. But we feel that the writer of *Adam Bede* is eyeing Hetty all over from the beginning to the end, and considering in herself the while what fools men are. It would be unjust and untrue to say that George Eliot in all her works does not do ample justice, in a noble and generous way, to the power of female beauty. The heroines of *Romola* and *Felix Holt* prove distinctly that she does. But one may fairly doubt whether a man could have painted Hetty. When one sees the picture, one understands its truth; but men who draw pretty faces usually do so with more enthusiasm.

A similar sort of protest may be found lurking in a great many women's novels against the popular opinion that man is the more powerful animal, and that a wife is at best a domestic appanage of the husband. Authoresses are never weary of attempts to set this right. They like to prove, what is continually true, that feminine charms are the lever that moves the world, and that the ideal woman keeps her husband and all about her straight. In religious novels woman's task is to exercise the happiest influence on the man's theological opinions. Owing to the errors he has imbibed from the study of a false and shallow philosophy, he sees no good in going to church twice on Sundays, or feels that he cannot heartily

adopt all the expressions in the Athanasian creed. It is the heroine's mission to cure this mental malady; to point out to him, from the impartial point of view of those who have never committed the folly of studying Kant or Hegel, how thoroughly superficial Kant and Hegel are; and to remind him by moonlight, and in the course of spiritual flirtation on a balcony, of the unutterable truths in theology which only a woman can naturally discern. We are far from wishing to intimate that there is not a good deal of usefulness in such feminine points of view. The *argumentum ad sexum*, if not a logical, is often no doubt a practical one, and women are right to employ it whenever they can make it tell. And as it would be impossible to develop it to any considerable extent in a dry controversial work, authoresses have no other place to work it in except in a romance. What they do for religion in pious novels, they do for other things in productions of a more strictly secular kind. There is, for instance, a popular and prevalent fallacy that women ought to be submissive to, and governed by, their lords and masters. In feminine fiction we see a very wholesome reaction against this mistaken supposition. The hero of the female tale is often a poor, frivolous, easily led person. When he can escape from his wife's eye, he speculates heavily on the Stock Exchange, goes in under the influence of evil advisers for every sort of polite swindling, and forgets, or is ill-tempered towards, the inestimable treasure he has at home. On such occasions the heroine of the feminine novel shines out in all her majesty. She is kind and patient to her husband's faults, except that when he is more than usually idiotic her eyes flash, and her nostrils dilate with a sort of grand scorn, while her knowledge of life and business is displayed at critical moments to save him from ruin. When every one else deserts him, she takes a cab into the City, and employs some clever friend, who has always been hopelessly in love with her — and for whom she entertains, unknown to her husband, a Platonic brotherly regard — to intervene in the nick of time, and to arrest her husband's fall. In a story called *Sowing the Wind*, which has recently been published, the authoress (for we assume, in spite of the ambiguous assertion on the title-page, that the pen which wrote it was not really a man's) goes to very great lengths. The hero, St. John Alyott, is always snubbing and lecturing Isola, whom he married when she was half a child, and whom he treats as a child long after she has become a great

and glorious woman. He administers the doctrine of conjugal authority to her in season and out of season, and his object is to convert her into a loving feminine slave. Against this revolting theory her nature rebels. Though she preserves her wifely attachment to a man whom she has once thought worthy of better things, her respect dies away, and at last she openly defies him when he wants her, in contravention of her plain duty, not to adopt as her son a deserted orphan boy. At this point her character stands out in noble contrast to his. She does adopt the boy, and brings him to live with her in spite of all; and when St. John is unnaturally peevish at its childish squalling, Isola bears his fretful animadversions with a patient dignity that touches the hearts of all about her. Any husband who can go on preaching about conjugal obedience through three volumes to a splendid creature who is his wife, must have something wrong about his mind. And something wrong about St. John's mind there ultimately proves to be. It flashes across Isola that this is the case, and before long her worst suspicions are confirmed. At last St. John breaks out into open lunacy, and dies deranged—a fate which is partly the cause, and partly the consequence of his continual indulgence in such wild theories about the relations of man and wife. It is not every day that we have the valuable lesson of the rights of wives so plainly or so practically put before us, but when it is put before us, we recognise the service that may be conferred on literature and society by lady authors. To assert the great cause of the independence of the female sex is one of the ends of feminine fiction, just as the assertion of the rights of plain girls is another. Authoresses do not ask for what Mr. Mill wishes them to have—a vote for the borough, or perhaps a seat in Parliament. They do ask that young women should have a fair matrimonial chance, independently of such trivial considerations as good looks, and that after marriage they should have the right to despise their husbands whenever duty and common sense tell them it is proper to do so.

The odd thing is that the heroines of whom authoresses are so fond in novels are not the heroines whom other women like in real life. Even the popular authoresses of the day, who are always producing some lovely panthea in their stories, and making her achieve an endless series of impossible exploits, would not care much about a lovely pantheress in a drawing-room or a country-house; and are not perhaps in the

habit of meeting any. The fact is that the vast majority of women who write novels do not draw upon their observation for their characters so much as upon their imagination. In some respects this is curious enough, for when women observe, they observe acutely and to a good deal of purpose. Those of them, however, who take to the manufacture of fiction have generally done so because at some portion of their career they have been thrown back upon themselves. They began perhaps to write when circumstances made them feel isolated from the rest of their little world, and in a spirit of sickly concentration upon their own thoughts. A woman with a turn for literary work who notices that she is distanced, as far as success or admiration goes, by rivals inferior in mental capacity to herself, flies eagerly to the society of her own fancies, and makes her pen her greatest friend. It is the lot of many girls to pass their childhood or youth in a somewhat monotonous round of domestic duties, and frequently in a narrow domestic circle, with which, except from natural affection, they may have no great intellectual sympathy. The stage of intellectual fever through which able men have passed when they were young is replaced, in the case of girls of talent, by a stage of moral morbidity. At first this finds vent in hymns, and it turns in the end to novels. Few clever young ladies have not written religious poetry at one period or other of their history, and few that have done so, stop there without going further. It is a great temptation to console oneself for the shortcomings of the social life around, by building up an imaginary picture of social life as it might be, full of romantic adventures and pleasant conquests. In manufacturing her heroines, the young recluse author puts on paper what she would herself like to be, and what she thinks she might be if only her eyes were bluer, her purse longer, or men more wise and discerning. In painting the slights offered to her favourite ideal, she conceives the slights that might possibly be offered to herself, and the triumphant way in which she would (under somewhat more auspicious circumstances) delight to live them down and trample them under foot. The vexations and the annoyances she describes with considerable spirit and accuracy. The triumph is the representation of her own delicious dreams. The grand character of the imaginary victim is but a species of phantom of herself, taken, like the German's camel, from the depths of her own self-conscious-

ness, and projected into cloudland. This is the reason why authoresses enjoy dressing up a heroine who is ill-used. They know the sensation of social martyrdom, and it is a gentle sort of revenge upon the world to publish a novel about an underrated martyr, whose merits are recognised in the end, either before or after her decease. They are probably not conscious of the precise work they are performing. They are not aware that their heroine represents what they believe they themselves would prove to be under impossible circumstances, provided they had only golden hair and a wider sphere of action. This is but another and a larger phase of a phenomenon which all of us have become familiar with who have ever had a large acquaintance with young ladies' poems. They all write about death with a pertinacity that is positively astounding. It is not that the young people actually want to die. But they like the idea that their family circle will find out, when it is too late, all the mistakes and injustices it has committed towards them, and that this world will perceive that it has been entertaining unawares an angel, just as the angel had taken flight upwards to another. The juvenile aspirant commences with revenging her wrongs in heaven, but it occurs to her before long that she can with equal facility have them revenged upon earth. Poetry gives way to prose, and hymnology to fiction. The element of self-consciousness, unknown to herself, still continues to prevail, and to colour the character of the heroines she turns out. Of course great authoresses shake themselves free from it. Real genius is independent of sex, and first-rate writers, whether they are men or women, are not morbidly in love with an idealized portrait of themselves. But the poorer and less worthy class of feminine novelists seldom escape from the fatal influence of egotism. Women's heroines, except in the case of the best artists, are conceptions borrowed, not from without, but from within. The consequence is that there is a sameness about them which becomes at last distasteful. The conception of the injured wife or the glorified governess is one which was a novelty fifteen or twenty years ago, while it cannot be said any longer to be lively or entertaining. As literature has grown to be a woman's occupation, we are afraid that glorified governesses in fiction will, like the poor, be always with us, and continue to the end to run their bright course of universal victory. The most, perhaps, that can be hoped is that they will in the long run take the wind out of the sails of

the glorified adulteresses and murderesses which at present seem the latest and most successful efforts of feminine art.

From the Saturday Review, 2 March.

THE FRENCH YELLOW-BOOK.

THE French Yellow-book scarcely professes to be more than a collection of the most presentable diplomatic despatches of the last year. No Frenchman, and none but the most sanguine foreigner, expects to find in it anything that is likely to ruffle the vanity of the great French nation. In the few correspondences which are allowed to filter through to the light, the Imperial Government is always triumphant, magnanimous, and candid, and at the end of every political episode seems to throw itself into the defiant attitude of the conjuror who has once more succeeded in swallowing a small sword, several live rabbits, and a lighted candle. The prodigious effect is produced or enhanced by a little gentle legerdemain. M. MOUSTIER appears to have eaten up Mr. SEWARD, whereas in reality he has got the most indigestible part of him up his sleeve. Count BISMARCK and M. RICASOLI, in like manner, are seldom introduced except to thank HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY for the services he has rendered to civilization; while the rebuffs, the remonstrances, the protests, and the discourtesies are rigidly suppressed. Documents that have been penned by the French Foreign Office are given in moderate plenty; the documents addressed to it appear at occasional intervals; and considerable lacunæ testify to the astute vigilance of the official editor. A *résumé* of the general political situation serves as a preface, and is an able and interesting production. After the exploits of the Imperial pen, come the achievements of the Imperial scissors; and the Yellow-book which follows is nothing better than a mutilated version of the history of the preceding twelve months.

The volume opens with despatches immediately preceding the outbreak of the German war. The French Government foresaw the storm that was on the eve of breaking, and in May, 1866, was making every effort to avert it. The English Foreign Office, with its usual pedantic stolidity,

was for putting an end to the danger by urging the irritated Courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Florence, in God's name, to keep the peace. The EMPEROR, like a man of sense, was aware that this truly British method of extinguishing a conflagration was a mere waste of energy and time. "Le Cabinet anglais," says M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, on May 13, "avait pensé que, pour décider les esprits à la paix en Allemagne aussi bien qu'en Italie, il suffirait de faire une démarche en commun à Vienne, Berlin, et Florence, en exhortant les trois cours à désarmer, et à régler à l'amiable leurs différends. Nous avons jugé que, réduite à ces termes la démarche qui nous était proposée resterait inefficace." The French Government substituted for so idle a scheme its own favourite nostrum of proposing a Congress to settle existing subjects of dispute. A triple invitation at its instance was despatched in the names of France, Russia, and Great Britain, and for a few days it seemed as if the plan of a Congress might be successful. Count BISMARCK, with much sagacity, accepted it at once, and by his acceptance cleverly transferred to the shoulders of Austria the responsibility of the inevitable war. The Emperor of the FRENCH had pointed out three causes of European disquietude as fit subjects for international discussion—the Elbe Duchies, German Federal reform, and Venice. Fortunately for Germany and for the world, judicial blindness, as is common in such times, once again fell upon the Emperor of AUSTRIA and his advisers. Austria declined to entertain the offer except on the basis of a declaration, by each of the consenting Powers, that they would not propose anything tending to give to any of the parties to the Congress either "territorial aggrandizement or increase of power." Animated by a similar spirit, the Frankfort Diet accepted the French invitation with a reserve which rendered it wholly nugatory. The question of Federal Reform had always, they said, been a purely German question, and must continue to be treated as such—an assertion equally inaccurate as concerned the past, and unpractical as concerned the future. The mediating Cabinets were right in treating such answers as a "refusal in disguise;" and when the Diet almost simultaneously assumed to itself jurisdiction over the Schleswig-Holstein question by a formal declaration, friendly negotiations became fruitless. The war broke out, preceded by a circular despatch of NAPOLEON III., which deserves reperusal, inasmuch as it proves that the French Empire neither an-

ticipated nor desired the resettlement of Germany at which it has since been compelled to feign satisfaction. In this State paper the EMPEROR avowed his hope of seeing the geographical position of Prussia strengthened in the North. But he also put forward a wish to see the German Confederation consolidated and powerful, and Austria still retaining to the last her "great position in Germany." When credit is now taken by the French Empire for having foreseen and promoted the "agglomeration of nations," it is right to recall to our minds this despatch. The Imperial plan was very different from the later gloss upon it. It aimed at making the division of Germany perpetual, by removing the immediate causes of conflict between Prussia and her neighbours. Willing to throw a bone or two to Prussia, in order to arrest her ambitious march, it still looked forward to a balance of power in Germany as the end to be indefatigably pursued. A Germany, like Italy, one and indivisible, so far from being a French ideal, was the one result which, by advising timely concession, France endeavoured to prevent. The rapid progress of the Prussian eagles rendered this policy abortive. Before the war the Imperial Government had counselled Austria to abandon Venetia, with the secret design of silencing Italy, and thus rendering Austria a match for Prussia in the North. The sudden cession of Venetia, after one battle on the Po, was hailed by the French Government as the last hope of accomplishing the same virtuous end, but the promptitude and good faith of Baron RICASOLI broke through the Imperial net, and contributed as much to the cause of German as of Italian homogeneity. All that France had now left to her was to make the best terms she could for the Austrian Empire. This she achieved without any ostentatious movement of French troops, as the French EMPEROR reminds us, but not without a considerable expenditure of diplomatic influence and effort, amounting to a veiled and courteous menace. Thanks to his potent intercessions, Austria lost no province, Saxony preserved her Royal Family, and Bavaria and Wurtemberg escaped Prussian vengeance. For so much the French Foreign Office has a right to take credit. So far as it assumes credit for anything beyond, it deceives—if indeed it does deceive—itsself. True to its principle of suppressing what is disagreeable, the Yellow-book makes no mention of the clumsy demand made last autumn by M. DROUYN DE LHUYS for territorial compensation. Sud-

denly, at page 96, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS disappears, and the Marquis DE LA VALLETTE, "Chargé par interim" of the French Foreign Office, signs the despatches in his stead. The Yellow-book consults its own dignity by consigning M. DROUYN DE LHUYS's last fatal blunder to decent official oblivion; but its information about the past year, as a natural consequence, is one-sided and incomplete.

Such is briefly the history of the German policy of France during 1866—a history nowhere told in the published documents before us, but thinly and faintly disguised by them. On the subject of the recall of the Mexican expedition, the Yellow-book is far more fragmentary still. Its object appears to be to suggest that the EMPEROR has withdrawn his troops from Mexico by a spontaneous movement of his own, unaccompanied by any pressure from the United States. In order to bolster up this fiction, the American portion of the volume opens with a despatch of April 14, 1866, in which the Mexican Envoy is informed of the date fixed for the French departure. What has become of all the previous despatches of the winter and of the spring? The Yellow-book does not tell us, but takes refuge in a pregnant and suggestive silence. That there were despatches of great moment, which had previously been passing between Washington and Paris, we know from independent sources. With singular courage or imprudence the Yellow-book has left un mutilated some references to them in the subsequent correspondence; and the recent declaration of NAPOLEON III., that his withdrawal from Mexico is his own independent action, is contradicted by rare and scattered expressions which the editor of the Yellow-book has permitted to escape his vigilant eye. Thus, at page 336, we have mention of an "agreement" between the United States and France upon the subject of the "existing French intervention in Mexico." At page 344, M. MONTROUX hopes to see vanish with the French occupation "the only question affecting the good relations between France and the United States." It is perfectly true that the French EMPEROR takes care that his Mexican plan for regenerating the Latin race shall fall to the ground with as much dignity as is possible. Once or twice he hints to Mr. SEWARD, that the more Mr. SEWARD hurries him the more he will be indisposed to hurry himself. But it is plain beyond a doubt that the French were bound to withdraw in the present spring by a con-

vention as rigid as that which stipulated for the evacuation of Rome. From time to time we find Mr. SEWARD protesting beforehand against the possibility of its infraction. From time to time the EMPEROR reiterates his promise to keep his word, and is careful to explain away any military combinations which would seem to cast a doubt upon his sincerity. It is true perhaps that, in founding the Mexican Empire, France had only guaranteed to the Emperor MAXIMILIAN the presence of her auxiliary contingent for a limited period; and with much ingenuity French Ministers refer to this guarantee as proving that her present retrograde movement is part and parcel of her original design. This is not much of an argument. The fact that she had promised Mexico to stay as long as she has stayed is far far from showing that she has not been ultimately compelled to promise the Government of Washington to stay no longer. We are not at all anxious to make a point of the EMPEROR's Mexican failure. His original scheme, it is true, was a wild and impractical one, but it must, on the other hand be confessed that he has shown tact and temper in abandoning it. What we are interested to mark is that in so simple a matter the Imperial Government does not tell France the naked and wholesome truth. The history of French policy in Mexico is as imperfectly told as the history of the French negotiations with Vienna and Berlin. And if these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? How can France be certain that her Executive is not equally uncandid with respect to its treatment of other diplomatic correspondence? Have the despatches upon the subject of Crete and the Danubian Principalities been as carefully weeded?

The perusal of a French Yellow-book compiled on such a principle tempts us to wonder whether all Governments are alike in their manipulation of diplomatic papers. What is our own English system, and what secret license do successive English Cabinets usurp? Have we behind the scenes no private and confidential negotiations the tenor of which is not, and is never intended to be, revealed? The speculation is a curious one, especially with respect to two distinct subjects—that of the *Alabama* claims, and that of the Eastern question. It would be instructive to learn to what extent the practice of private, as opposed to official, letter-writing is carried in our Foreign Office, and whether there are any—and, if any, what—limits imposed upon it.

CHAPTER XL.

KENNETH MAKES SOME LITTLE ARRANGEMENTS.

WITH a slight inclination of his handsome insolent head, Kenneth took a chair opposite the old miller, who was seated so exactly in the same attitude and in the same spot as on the former occasion of a like unwelcome visit, that he looked like a faded picture of his former self.

Faded—and, as his wife expressed it, “doited”—with years, drink, and anxiety. She rose hastily, and in a hurried whisper, and with a slight but not unkindly shake of the old man’s arm, she said,

“Mak’ the best o’ yerseel’, Peter,—here’s the Laird.”

The old miller turned a stupefied gaze on the new-comers. Some dim consciousness of Maggie’s ill-repressed emotion seemed to strike him, for addressing her first, he murmured, “What ails ye, Meg? What ails my bonnie lassie?” Then, feebly staring for a few seconds at Kenneth’s face, he slowly delivered himself of the ill-judged greeting,—“Ye’re changed for the waur. I sud scarce hae known ye.”

Maggie moved round to her father’s chair, and laid her large fair hand caressingly on his shoulder.

“It’s gay hot in they Spanish countries, and he’s a wheen darker. But ‘deed I think he’s a’ the bonnier,” added she, looking with some motherly pride at the alien son she always called her “ain lad.”

“Ye’re blind or blate, Meg, no to see the change that’s come o’r him,” testily interrupted the miller; “but ‘ilka corbie thinks its ain bird the whitest,’ and that’s a true sayin’.”

Kenneth was looking out towards the path beyond the open door, and answered only by a smile of evil augury and a muttered sentence about Maggie not being the only one who was “blind and blate.” Presently the threshold was darkened by the entrance of the Clochnaben factor. The countenances of the women fell, and the old miller’s brow lowered with a sort of helpless anger. Maggie still stood by his chair, and her gay dress, decorated bonnet, and handsome shawl (gauds which she had put on to walk with Kenneth, and defy the possible presence of Eusebia) made a strange contrast to the dull shabbiness and smoke-dried tints of everything round her.

The factor’s greeting to the inmates of the house was if possible less courteous even than Kenneth’s, but obsequious almost to

caricature when addressing “the Laird.” He made excuses for arriving a few minutes late, on the plea that the Dowager, who was such “an awfu’ woman to contravene,” had insisted, before he set out, on discussing with him the possibility of establishing at Torrieburn Mills a favourite tenant of her own; a man “warm and weel to do,” and willing to afford very liberal terms for his lease. Maggie opened her great blue eyes with a wide and angry gaze.

“Hoot,” she said “it’ll be time to think o’ new tenants when the auld man’s dead and gane. Ye’ve had word enough from my father no to come to the mill at a’, but send a bit o’ writin’ when ye’ve anything to say to him.”

“I appointed Mr. Dure to meet me here!” exclaimed Kenneth, imperiously; “I can’t have business interfered with and delayed for petty quarrels. I’m here to look over accounts and inspect possible improvements, and I must beg, my dear mother, that you and Mrs. Carmichael will withdraw, and not interrupt us.”

He waved his hand, as he spoke, with a gesture of impatient command, and Mr. Dure rose and opened an inner door which led to a yet more dingy room, and then, as it were, turned Maggie into it, swelling with wrath and sorrow. There she and her mother sat down in silence; the elder woman rocking herself to and fro with an occasional moan, and the younger keeping her angry blue eyes intently fixed on the heavy paneling that shut out her ill-used father. It was not easy through its old-fashioned thickness to hear much of what took place; and indeed the colloquy was not very long, for Mr. Dure and Kenneth had met merely to arrange matters on a foregone conclusion.

At first, after the formal hearing of accounts, &c., Carmichael’s voice was heard apparently reasoning, though in a peevish and plaintive tone; but as the discussion proceeded, his words became shrill and hoarse, and at last they distinctly heard him say, “I wanna leave; I wanna stir; I’ll hae it oot wi’ ye, if there’s law in Scotland. Yere faither set me here; an’ here I’ll live and here I’ll dee, in spite o’ a’ the factors and n’er-do-weels in Christendom. My Meg will awa’ up to Glenrossie and see what Sir Douglas ‘ll say to siena a proposition, and I mysel’” —

“Silence, Sir!” furiously broke in the incensed Kenneth, without giving him time to finish the phrase. “Sir Douglas is not my master, nor master of Torrieburn. I am master here, as you shall find; and if you take this insolent tone with me, you’ll have

to look out a new home a good deal sooner than I at first intended, or Mr. Dure proposed."

"If Sir Douglas is not yere master, ye heartless braggart," retorted the exasperated old man, "Mr. Dure's no mine; and I tell ye" —

Here Maggie violently flung open the door that separated them, and clasped her father in her arms, with sobs and kisses and vehement ejaculations.

"Ye'll come and live at Torrieburn, daddy; ye'll come and live wi' yere ain Meg at Torrieburn."

But Kenneth — beside himself with rage at the appeal to Sir Douglas, and the term "heartless braggart" applied to himself, made it very clear the old miller should *not* "come and live with his ain Meg" at Torrieburn.

Then poor Maggie, in spite of her gay dress, and vulgar speech, and overgrown proportions of vanishing beauty, became almost sublime.

She ceased, for once, the loud yowling, in which she commonly expressed her grief; she turned very pale, which was also unusual with her; and as her father gave vent to a sort of malediction on her son, hoping that if he went on as he was doing, he might live to lose his own home, and have to sell Torrieburn to strangers, to balance his debts and extravagance, and then "might ca' to mind this bitter day," she folded the feeble, angry old man to her bosom with a shuddering embrace, and turned with wistful energy to Kenneth.

"Noo, Kenneth," she said, "ye'll hear my words this day! Gin' ye deal sae ill and sae hardly by my fayther, — and he auld and sick, and past his best," — (and here she gave the withered cheek a passionate kiss), — "dinna think I'll see it, and let it gang by! I've luv'd ye aye dearly, wi' a mither's true love, though ye've made but a sorry son! I've luv'd ye for yere ain sel', and I've luv'd ye for sake's sake, — for him ye're sae like — (and I wad that yere heart were as like as yere face to him. God rest him, my ain dear mon!) But so sure as ye set yere foot on my auld fayther, it'll end a', and I'll awa' frae Torrieburn wi' him, and wi' my mither and ye'll see nae mair o' me! Ye've got set amang fine folk, Kenneth; and ye forget times when I nursed ye, and sang to ye, and made ye my treasure, and never dreaded the shame; but I'll no forget the days whan I was a nurslin' wean, and sat in the sun, and made castles o' pebbles and moss oot by the Falls, and saw fayther coming ow'r the bridge wi' a

smile for me and mither! It was a poorer hame than what I've had since, but there was luv in it; luv — Kenneth — luv;," and Maggie's voice once more swelled to a cry, as with the passionate apostrophe of Ruth, she added, "and sae where the auld folks gang, I'll gang, and I'll no forsake them, nor leave them, sill God Himself pairs us, as He pairt'd me frae my only luv."

The breathless rapidity and vehemence with which these sentences were uttered would have prevented interruption, even had Kenneth attempted to interrupt, instead of standing speechless with amazement. No answering sympathy woke in his breast. Surprise — and a vague impression of his mother's picturesqueness — as the fair, full-outlined, brightly dressed, golden-haired creature stood up against the brown wainscoting and dark surrounding objects, like a passion-flower that had trailed in among dead leaves — surprise, and an admission of her beauty, — these were the only sensations with which the scene inspired him. And when Maggie, descending from the pedestal of that greater emotion, became more like the Maggie of usual days, and, with loud weeping and clinging, besought him to "think better o't, like a gude bonny lad," he all but shook himself free, and with the words — "I believe you are all mad, and I'm sure I have troubles enough of my own to drive me into keeping your company," he left the grieving group to console each other as they best might, and, anxiously resuming calculations and explanations with the shrewd factor of the stern old Dowager, slowly returned with him to that point in their mountain path where their roads diverged, the one leading to Clochnaben and the other to Glenrossie.

CHAPTER XLII.

KENNETH UNHAPPY.

It was true, as Kenneth had said, that he had troubles enough of his own to drive a man mad. And it was true, as the old miller had said, that he was "changed for the waur." His beauty had not departed, for it consisted in perfection of feature and perfection of form; but it was blurred and blighted by that indescribable change which is the result of continual intemperance and dissipation. That peculiar look in the eyes, — weary and yet restless; in the mouth, — burnt and faded, even while preserving the outlines of youth; in the figure, when no degree of natural grace, nor skill in the art of dress, prevents it from seeming limp and

shrunken,—all these things had come to Kenneth Ross, and changed him “for the waur.”

And more had come to him—the conviction that his Spanish wife no longer felt the smallest attachment for him; and the belief that, so far as her nature was capable of attachment, she was attached to some one else. Long angry watches had taught him that, like many of her nation, intrigue and deception were a positive amusement to her, and that the next pleasure in life to being admired was to be able to outwit. A sentiment not indeed peculiar to Eusebia, but to the people of her land. It runs through all their comedies, through all their lighter literature, through all their pictures of their own social life. That combination of events which in the novels and plays of other countries is made up of the interweaving or opposition of human passions is made up among them of the pitting of skill against skill. They do indeed acknowledge one other passion, and that is love (according to their notion of love); and a very swift-winged Cupid he is. “Who has not loved, has not lived,” is one of their proverbs; but love itself would be uninteresting in Spain, if he had to go through no shifts or disguises.

Kenneth had never *proved* any more reprehensible fact in Donna Eusebia's conduct than the giving to one of her adorers a seal, on which was engraved a Cupid beating a drum, with the motto “*Todos le siguen*”;—and she met his reproof on that occasion with laughing defiance. But the want of certainty did not lessen his distrust. His temper, always imperious and passionate, had become fierce. Eusebia, on the other hand, was fearless; and she was also *taquineuse*, or *taquinante*; she was fond of teasing, and rather enjoyed the irritation she roused up to a certain point. She darted sharp words at him with mocking smiles,—as the toreadors fling little arrows with lighted matches appended to them, in the bull-fights of Spain. And she met the result with equal skill and determination. You could not frighten Eusebia. The spirit of a lioness lived in that antelope form, so lithe and slender. If you had twisted all her glossy hair round your hand and raised a poignard to stab her to the heart, she would not have trembled, neither would she have implored mercy;—but she would have strangled you before you had time to strike!

Their fierce strange quarrels, that burst like a hurricane and then passed over, were a marvel and a mystery to Gertrude, and

the intervals of tenderness between those quarrels had become rare and transient in both parties. Eusebia had grown moody and careless, and Kenneth was often positively outrageous. And he was unhappy—yes, really unhappy; wrapped in self, and finding self miserable; and thinking it everybody's fault but his own.

Gertrude then had the *role* forced on her, so painful to all persons of keen and delicate feelings, of being appealed to,—complained to,—made umpire in those disputes of the soul, that war of mystery, when alienation exists between man and wife. Kenneth especially, who had neither reticence nor self-command, would come vehemently into her morning-room, and flinging himself down on the bright green cushions, worked with spring and summer flowers, cast his weary angry eyes round him,—not on, but across, all the lovely peaceful objects with which that room was filled,—into some vacancy of discontent that seemed to lie beyond, and give vent to the bitterest maledictions on his own folly for being caught by a fascinating face, and a few phrases of broken English spoken in a musical voice,—and declare his determination as soon as he could possibly arrange his affairs, and raise money enough to pay his debts, to settle an income on his foreign wife and never see her more.

It was on one of those occasions (little varied and often repeated), that a memorable scene took place. The soft pleading of Gertrude's serene eyes; her grave sentences on duty, and self-sacrifice, and reform of faults; the appeals to his better nature; the allusions to the long, long years before him, if he lived the common length of human life; the hopeful arguments, to him who was so resolved on hopelessness; the innocent cordial smile that irradiated her face while she strove to cheer with words: all these things had a different effect on Kenneth from that which she intended to produce. Those men in whom passion is very strong, and affection and reason very weak, have a strange sort of bounded, external comprehension, during such attempts to argue with them. They seem not to listen, but to *see*: to contemplate their own thoughts and the countenance of the person attempting to controvert those thoughts: to receive the impression that they are contradicted; while the depth of their inner nature remains utterly unreached and unconvinced. To attempt reasonable argument with such natures is like digging through earth and roots, only to come at last upon a slab of stone.

Through the shallow earth and twisted morbid roots of thought in Kenneth's composition the words of Gertrude had penetrated — but no farther. While she spoke he was silent; he mused and gazed and sighed. He saw *her* — not the drift of what she was saying; and the same wild mixture of anger and preference (which such men as Kenneth call "love") woke in his heart, and maddened him, as in the Villa Mandorlo the day he proposed, and was told she was engaged to his uncle. Eusebia became as nothing in his comparison at that moment of the two women. He felt as if he had been spell-bound by some witchcraft, and that the spell was suddenly broken. He rose from the embroidered ottoman where he had been lounging; and as Gertrude crowned all her fabric of half-heard reasoning with a gentle hesitating allusion to the steady self-denying years, and active serviceable youth of Sir Douglas, and contrasted its practical possibility with the wasted energies of a life of pleasure and extravagance such as Kenneth had led, he suddenly and wildly burst through all bounds of decent constraint, and exclaimed, —

"That is it! *That* is the curse on my life; and you know it! It is because *you* were taken from me by treachery and falsehood that I am what I am. I never really loved any woman but you; I loathe the coquetry and paint and affectation to which I am tied. I hate Eusebia! I cast her off: I have done with her. I love *you*! and you did once love me. Oh, love me still — love me now — *love me*! or — I will shoot myself!"

With the last vehement words, and while Gertrude stood up petrified and breathless, he flung his arms round her, and clasped her to his breast, in a fierce and passionate embrace.

"You are mad — Kenneth Ross!" was all Gertrude could utter, as he suddenly released her at the sound of the door opening behind them. He looked round, still panting with excitement. Sir Douglas stood up there, holding the little pale girl with liquid eyes, Kenneth's only child, by the hand.

"Your little Effie has been hunting for you everywhere, Kenneth; Eusebia wishes you to accompany her to see the deer that was wounded and taken alive yesterday by the keepers. Neil is waiting for you, cap in hand, at the bottom of the great staircase."

Except that his air was a shade more stately, and his lip less smiling than was

his wont in addressing Kenneth, no one could have told that Sir Douglas's manner was different from usual, or that a pang, sharp, rapid, and instantly repressed, shot through his heart, and flushed his broad frank temples.

Kenneth did not absolutely say "D——n Eusebia!" but he set his white teeth with some such muttered ejaculation, and grasped the tiny hand of his little girl so tight when she moved towards him, that they saw the child look plaintively and wonderingly up in his face as the door closed.

Then Sir Douglas turned from looking after them, and looked towards Gertrude.

His eyes wore an expression of wistful questioning; but Gertrude remained silent and deadly pale. There was a little pause. Her eyes lifted to his, and filled with tears. "Gertrude, my Gertrude! What in God's name was Kenneth saying to you in such a frantic tone before I opened the door!"

What was Kenneth saying? How could she tell his uncle — how could she tell her husband — what Kenneth was saying! It was a relief (a partial relief) to know that Sir Douglas had not witnessed the wild embrace, with which the wild words had been accompanied; he was bending down his stately head, while he opened the door of the bright morning-room, to listen to the child's timid voice, and her message from her mother.

What had Kenneth been saying?

Gertrude faltered in her answer.

"Things are going badly between him and Eusebia," she said at length.

Sir Douglas paused again, and looked sorrowfully at his wife.

"You need not waste so much sympathy upon him, Gertrude. Be sure it is not altogether Eusebia's fault."

"Oh! do not think my sympathies are with Kenneth," said Gertrude, eagerly. Then, embarrassed and miserable, she ceased, and the colour came back in crimson waves to her pallid cheek.

"Sit down, Gertrude; why are you standing? What has moved you in this matter? I was coming to speak with you about Kenneth when I met his child on the stair. It is not only with his wife that Kenneth quarrels, but with his unhappy mother — at least, so I gather from her confused explanations. He has given notice to Carmichael to quit the mills."

"Oh, Douglas!"

"The old man has no real title to remain. All that was a matter of indulgence and careless arrangement with my poor brother. But Mrs. Ross-Heaton says, if the old people

may not live at Torrieburn, neither will she. She is in a dreadful state (you know how violent she is in the expression of her feelings), and she cannot be brought to comprehend that I have no power to order it otherwise."

"She could hardly think Eusebia would consent (if ever Eusebia settles at Torrieburn) to live *en famille* with Carmichael and his wife. Poor souls!"

"No. And of course Kenneth can do what he pleases, though he seems to have done it unkindly (that factor of Clochnabens is such a hard man!). But what I was thinking was this: you know the old mill that you called the 'Far-away-house,' that stands on the boundary line of what is to be your domain when you are a widow?" — and here Sir Douglas smiled a tender smile at his young wife — tender, and rather sad, for every now and then that "gap of years" which had been spanned over for them by the airy bridge of love, haunted his heart, and "Old Sir Douglas" caught himself thinking what would be, after he was gone! While he lived — even to the last gasp of fleeting life — he would see that sweet face and hear that gentle voice. But she was young!

Ah! blind mortal creatures, who for ever contemplate with dread the one parting God appoints (foreknown and inevitable), and think so little of all the rash partings we make for ourselves! The alienations in families; the once dear names forbidden to be sounded; the exile of fair lands; the drifting asunder by divers lots in life; the ambitions, the despairs, the misunderstandings, the necessities of our human existence; — for each parting made by death, it is not an exaggeration to say that of these other partings there are thousands — bitterer, yea, far bitterer, than death itself. But Sir Douglas thought of none of these things; only of his wife and of the kindly present deed that he was meditating.

"That mill," he said, "though not near so good a business as the one at Torrieburn Falls, would give him a certain feeling of home and independence, and as much employment as he is fit for, in his broken state. As to the loss upon it for us, it is nothing; we will not think of that, and I will make arrangements by which it shall be included in the dowry settled upon you. You will not turn him out?"

And again the tender smile shone from the noble face, and Gertrude, as she leaned her cheek against his hand, could not refrain from tears, — a brief April shower, that had its sunshine near. It relieved her.

She rose once more, and kissed Sir Douglas on the forehead.

"We will go together to Torrieburn, and propose it to him," said the latter, after a brief pause. "He is deeply wounded, and not what he used to be, and these moods require tender handling."

"Tender handling," indeed, they found it required. Even Sir Douglas's patience was well-nigh exhausted before he had convinced the obstinate old man that he had little choice as to moving, and that what was now proposed was intended as an act of kindness. When at last it was so understood, the acceptance was made with gloomy resignation, not with gratitude. "Needs must when the devil drives," was the final phrase of the Miller; while Maggie, who held passionately to her resolution of leaving with her departing parents, startled poor Gertrude with a speech somewhat enigmatical to Sir Douglas, but not to his wife, delivering herself with broken sobs, of the sentences — "Ah! ye may weel seek to mak' amends; but gin ye had married wi' my braw lad yeresel' we sud no ha' sat greetin' this day! Ye'd no ha' needed a' they gauds and jewels that Kenneth has paid sae dear for, — and ye'd ha' been quiet, maybe, at Torrieburn, as ye are noo at Glenrossie."

So that even Gertrude's merits were somehow turned to an offence in the eyes of Maggie Ross-Heaton and her "forbears."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MR. JAMES FRERE'S ANTECEDENTS.

OF James Frere little had ever been heard by the party at Glenrossie, except one brief missive, recommending particular books for the school, and stating that his uncle in Shropshire having died and left him a little money, he was going to New Zealand. But one morning back came the eloquent preacher, quite unexpectedly, to the intense triumph of Dowager Clochnaben, who had received with a resentment most openly expressed, the intelligence of all the suspicions that had so long rested on that injured martyr of society. "Sift news first, and swallow it afterwards," was the dictum with which she favoured her son Lorimer in a letter descriptive of the welcome event, and full of taunts as to the little wisdom of those who were "book-learned," which she thanked God she was not.

And indeed Dowager Clochnaben was

entirely of the opinion of a young officer whose wife had much talent for verse-writing, and who, when a friend remarked that she would do well to study the best authors, eagerly replied, "Oh, no, she doesn't read at all: *she says it destroys all originality of thought.*"

"Practical good sense" was what Dowager Clochnaben piqued herself upon; and like most very narrow-minded persons, she somehow held that quality to be incompatible with intellectual occupations. "Lorimer's very clever, and his writing is considered first-rate," she would say, "but I've more practical good sense in my little finger than he has in his head."

Convinced of her own practical good sense, how could she doubt the correctness of her judgment of her neighbours, or how avoid the profound conviction that they were always wrong if they were not exactly of her opinion?

She had "taken up with" Mr. James Frere; and she defended him, growled over him, and held him to be her own peculiar property. Her exultation therefore may be conceived when he drove up to the yet unbarred doors of Clochnaben Castle in a light car from the nearest post-house, while the morning mists were yet shrouding craggy peak and purple hill, and lying on the bosom of the sleeping lake. Very cold, very damp, much fatigued, but apparently in high health and spirits; and answering the grim gladness of her welcome with a flash of his brilliant eyes and a hearty shake of her extended hands, while she ordered breakfast and a fire in the large cold room, which she comfortably assured him no one had ever slept in since his departure. That might be true, he thought, for the Dowager was not given to hospitality; and as he entered the apartment the mildewy, stony, unopened smell smote on his senses in confirmation of her words, and the long thin tartan curtain which protected the somewhat rickety and creaking old door, flew out, full of dust, in the current of air, and met him; as if it also desired to give a witch-like greeting on his return.

Little Mr. James Frere cared for mildew or moth, or the damp corners in the ceiling overhead. He warmed himself; he washed himself; he brushed his abundant black hair; he unpacked his travelling valise. He took out of it a large opossum skin, dressed and bound with crimson velvet, a small wooden box, in which lay a specimen nugget of Californian gold, a still smaller box which contained two large emeralds roughly polished but not yet faceted; a

thick book containing a journal of adventures in far distant countries; and several loose stones, brown and rugged and dirty-looking, but each with a tested corner that shone like a spark of light, from which he selected three, and laid all these things aside. Then he took out a blotting-book and a large soiled parchment case, on which was ostentatiously inscribed, Rev. James Frere: Testimonials;" then he carefully re-locked the valise, laying at the top of its contents a case of pistols and a bearskin coat that seemed to have known much bad weather; after which he proceeded downstairs, and in a simple careless way presented the valuables he had collected to his hostess, with many expressions of gratitude for past shelter and protection, and many a pious text of "thanksgiving to the Lord," who had preserved him by land and sea, in perils among savages and perils of the deep, in perils by night and perils by day, and granted him to return (even though but for a season) "among those he had carried in his heart wherever he had journeyed."

Then, in the most natural way in the world, Mr. James Frere passed to his journal, his testimonials, and the "blessed fact" of a grant from Government of a tolerably large sum of money to reimburse losses and expenses he had sustained in the burning of schools he had erected in New Zealand, and other services he had rendered, which had been duly set forth, and admitted; and he displayed with pardonable pride, the letters he had received from official personages in answer to his applications.

It was a happy accident that brought Alice Ross (unexpectedly also, of course) to Clochnaben, the very same morning that Mr. James Frere had returned. She showed as much pleasurable surprise as the occasion demanded, and no more; only, as she subsided demurely into one of the stiff high-backed chairs with red leather seats, which they had all occupied the first evening James Frere was at Clochnaben, so obviously a shiver thrilled through her frame that he politely inquired whether she felt cold, and while she said her slow deliberate "No, I thank ye, Mr. Frere," the gleam between her half-closed eyes became a trembling glitter; and with something more of impulse than usual, she put forth one of those little feline hands whose small sharp claws for him were always sheathed in velvet, and murmured, "I'm quite pleased to see you looking so well after the voyage home, and all your — fatigues."

There was a little — very little hesitation

at the last word, and again the trembling shiver seemed to ripple through the slight figure sitting erect in the high-backed chair. But by and by, chatting by the broad hearth as formerly, throwing in the cones and cuttings of fir plantations ("to make the peat burn merrier," as young Neil Douglas had once expressed it), Alice became quite comfortable again. She accepted with quiet alacrity the proposal that the groom should ride over to Glenrossie to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and also to notify Mr. Frere's safe return.

But, as things in real life are said to be stranger than fiction, a series of accidental circumstances had already made the inmates of Glenrossie aware of that happy fact, and of very much more respecting that over-welcomed individual.

Lady Charlotte was on her way for her annual visit to her daughter; with little Neil as her escort, who was in all the glorious independence of his "first half" at Eton. The train was very full,—the shooting-season having just begun,—and Neil was separated from his grandmother, and put into the next carriage,—nothing loth; it seemed to him more merry, more like travelling, alone. At the last minute a very feeble, slender, gentleman-like old man, leaning on his servant, was led to the door of the carriage in which the little lad was seated. So trembling and so infirm, that the kindly natured and impulsive boy stretched out his little sturdy arm with mute offer of assistance. The infirm gentleman seemed, however, afraid to trust himself to such support, and after an effort or two succeeded in entering and seating himself in the furthest corner by the window. The servant touched his hat respectfully, and said compassionately, "I wish you a good journey, sir. I hope if you should be took worse you'll telegraph for me. I'll come up by the night mail in no time." Then, slipping half-a-crown into the guard's hand, he said, "Really master's hardly fit to travel: will you endeavour to keep that compartment from crowding?"

Two other passengers only were in the carriage besides Neil Douglas. They got out at Carlisle. When they were gone the old gentleman seemed to get very restless; his back was turned to Neil; he kept rustling and searching in his travelling-bag for something which apparently he could not find. At first Neil took little notice; he also was occupied. One of his prize-books was "Rokeby," and he was deep in sympathy with Bertram. The rustling and searching rather annoyed him, but it ceased

at last, and, having finished the scene he was reading, he gave a deep satisfied sigh, and looked up.

To his intense astonishment the old gentleman with his green shade, trembling hands, and infirm stoop of the shoulders had vanished; and in his place sat a man of about thirty-five, with dark bright, watchful eyes, which were fixed for the moment on Neil's face with keen scrutiny.

The boy's heart beat hard and quick. "Here is a *real* robber," he thought. But he was a brave boy—as became a son of Sir Douglas; and he retained nerve and presence of mind enough to appear again absorbed in his reading, as he really had been immediately before this terrible discovery.

The stranger slowly turned away that bright fascinating gaze, as a rattlesnake might relieve his prey, and looked steadily out of the window on his own side. They were nearing a station; Neil saw him prepare to clasp and lock the bag in which he had been searching. The white beard, the green shade, the comfortable old velvet travelling night-cap, peeped out under his hand as he thrust them all in. His fingers were strong, though long and meagre, and on the back of his right hand was a great healed scar.

The train slackened—drew up to the station—stopped. Neil called out—loud, very loud—to be let out. He almost tumbled down the step in his hurry, and put his head in at the window of the next carriage.

"Oh! Mammy-Charlotte" (Lady Charlotte had created this graceful substitute for the unwelcome title of "grandmama," pleading as her excuse that it was "so much more affectionate, being called by one's own name, you know,")—"Oh! Mammy-Charlotte, let me come in here and have half your place, or even sit at your feet on the floor. There is a real robber in the next carriage! He has changed all his clothes, and is turned quite into a different man. There! there! Mammy-Charlotte—look! that is the man. Don't you remember the old, old gentleman who got in where I was? With a servant who helped him? Well, he is changed into *that*!"

Lady Charlotte gave a little subdued shriek, though she hardly knew why, and called, "Guard! guard!" in an alarmed voice. The guard was busy; every one was busy; but one of the porters civilly said he would call the guard.

"Oh! do—pray do—and you shall have sixpence; there is a gentleman who

has changed all his clothes in the carriage; pray call the guard!"

The guard came, and opening the door asked which of the ladies had been insulted.

"Oh! dear me," said Lady Charlotte, rather shocked at the way the question was put, "nobody has insulted anybody, only a gentleman has changed all his clothes; this dear boy was in the carriage with him: such an escape!"

"He was disguised, you know," interposed Neil, endeavouring to make the matter more intelligible, and, addressing the guard; "he took off all his disguises, and turned into another man: I assure you he did!" The guard looked puzzled, and rather incredulous; the bell rang for starting; the doors were all shut in succession with a heavy bang; the whistle sounded; nobody had got out who had not paid for a ticket, and given a ticket. It was nobody's business if a gentleman had chosen to get in dressed like a pantaloon, and get out again dressed like a harlequin. The guard nodded an "all right" to Lady Charlotte, as she vehemently requested that Neil might change his seat and come to her, and the train went off as the boy jumped in. As it moved away the pathway behind and beyond the station became visible, and a man, who was slowly walking away, carrying a black travelling-bag, looked back at the train.

"There, Mammy-Charlotte! There!" eagerly exclaimed Neil; and he pointed to the receding figure.

"Heaven preserve us all in our beds," said Lady Charlotte, in a tone of intense terror; "it is that Mr. James Frere! It is indeed! It is Mr. Frere! What can he be doing? What can he have done—frightening one in this way!" And during the whole of the evening after her arrival at Glenrossie, Lady Charlotte continued in a nervous flutter, repeating over and over again the strange story, and commenting upon it, and making Neil describe "the dreadful metamorphosis" of which he had been an eye-witness.

"And to think of Mr. Frere, of all people in the world, doing such a thing! He, who used, you know, to be so very tidy, and indeed elegant, in his suit of black, with only of an evening a narrow little lace to the end of his cravat, which I thought quite pretty, and very harmless of course, though unusual. And now to go about like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves when they were put in the oil-jars! Not that any such thing has happened to him; I wish there could,

just to punish him for startling one so; though, of course, as he was but *one*, it oughtn't to be so frightful; and I believe Neil wasn't frightened a bit, and wouldn't have been, if all the Forty had been there."

"I was very much startled," said the boy; "I don't know if I was frightened. I certainly thought he was a robber; but he wouldn't have got much by robbing *me*; and I don't suppose he would have killed me, only knocked me senseless perhaps. I'm glad it wasn't a robber!"

"But I think it is much worse," said Lady Charlotte, plaintively, pulling her ringlet, "because one knows what a robber means, and what he is at, whereas it is so—so dreadfully mysterious about Mr. Frere!"

They all agreed that it was "dreadfully mysterious;" only Alice boldly said she did not believe it was Mr. Frere at all; that Lady Charlotte had only seen him at a distance, and might be mistaken; and Sir Douglas inclined to the same opinion. Lady Charlotte, on the other hand, was confident she had made no mistake. And so matters rested, till, on the second day after that adventure of Neil's in the railway, the message was received from Alice, as already narrated, to say she would sleep at Clochnaben, and to tell of Mr. Frere's arrival.

Enjoy the pleasant evening, and the long wakeful hours of the wintry night, Alice Ross! Pile the crackling fir-twigs and the little cones that spout fire and laugh as they burn! Watch the warm light flicker over lip and brow, and seem to rest itself in those large radiant eyes. Talk of the past! and plan for the future! For in the dawn of the morrow there is the darkness of the thunder-cloud, and in its noon the bursting of the storm!

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CAREER OF SHIFTS AND CONTRIVANCES.

By some curious coincidence a letter from Lorimer Boyd, entirely on the subject of Mr. James Frere and his doings or misdoings, arrived at the Castle, just as a stranger had inquired for Sir Douglas, and requested to speak to him "on very particular business," which business also turned out to be the doings and misdoings of Dowager Clochnaben's *protege*.

The stranger declared himself to be a Mr. Mitchell, a detective from London, in search of a person calling himself James Frere, but who had gone by various other names, if he was the same man respecting

whom Mr. Mitchell had received instructions; and he was perfectly able to identify the said James Frere, if he could fall in with him, having known him well during a period of imprisonment which he had suffered some years since, for obtaining money under false pretences.

That the present charge was for surreptitiously obtaining the baggage and papers of a fellow-passenger, who had been left at Jamaica, as was supposed, in a dying state—not expected to survive above a few hours; that the gentleman's disease had turned out to be an abscess on the liver, which burst, and he recovered, and was on his way to England to prosecute Mr. Frere, and obtain restitution, if possible, of the property taken, consisting chiefly of emeralds and diamonds in the rough; gold; and other matters, which could not so immediately have been turned into cash, as to make their seizure in the swindler's possession hopeless. Information had been received at Liverpool, and the authorities there had been on the look-out; but no person at all answering the description given, had been seen at any of the hotels. The matter had been put into Mitchell's hands and he had traced every passenger that landed from the same ship, except one. That one he, at length, traced to a little public-house in the outskirts of Liverpool; and though the personal appearance of the guest there seemed the very reverse of the man wanted, the detective was much too well accustomed to the shifts and disguises of these *chevaliers d'industrie*, to be least discouraged on that account. He requested to be shown the room the stranger had occupied; declaring that a valuable diamond ring had been lost or purloined during his stay. The irate landlady told him that he might "dig the floor up" if he liked; that the room had been cleaned, and moreover occupied, since the gentleman was there; that nothing had been found; that her inn, "though poor, was honest," &c. &c.

Mitchell did not "dig the floor up," but he made a very minute search in drawers of tables, and out-of-the-way corners; and though he found little, it was apparently enough, for with a sharp frown, followed by a whistle and a peculiar smile, he ceased from his labors. Mitchell found in the grate (which had not since had a fire in it), first, the outer paper of a small box which had been sealed with three seals—two of them tolerable impressions of the initials and crest of the gentleman who had been robbed, the third melted and defaced; sec-

ondly, a twisted cord of the long grass of the country which had apparently tied up a package of that size; then an address label, torn across, with "Jonas Field, Passenger," upon it; the cover of an old letter, which had been used to wipe up ink spilt on the table, and being laid flat, was found to be addressed "Spencer Carew, Esq.;" and, finally, the distinct impression in an old blotting-book of a very hurried direction to "Miss Ross at Glenrossie, N. B."

Which last brought Mitchell to Scotland, and so into the presence of Sir Douglas.

It was James Frere's writing; there could be no doubt of that. Nor any doubt that the sight of it was a great shock to the master of Glenrossie; as Mitchell saw, when he placed the leaf in that soldier's hand, and observed the fingers tremble as they held it.

The astute officer looked round the handsome apartment as if he expected to see James Frere crouched under one of the tables, or emerging from the crimson curtains.

"Miss Ross one of the family, I presume?" said the detective.

"Yes," said Sir Douglas.

He spoke with such stern haughtiness that the man was rather put out, and muttered something about "the course of justice," and being there "in obedience to orders from his superiors," and other such phrases, which Sir Douglas cut short by saying, with a sort of sorrowful civility, "I am not blaming you. The person you are in search of is not here, but I have a letter on the same business from the Home Office in London. I will see you again when I have read through the papers that have been sent me, and meanwhile my servants will give you refreshments."

The Nemesis who was pursuing Frere, had willed that the invalid of Jamaica should be a personal friend of Lorimer Boyd, and that Boyd should be in London, on his way to another diplomatic appointment. Applications for assistance to the Home and Foreign Office were instantly made, and every help afforded; the loss incurred being little less than the loss of a life of savings on the part of one who imagined he was at last returning to enjoy competence and comfort in his native land. From Lorimer Boyd's letter, about "the man I always felt sure was a scoundrel and impostor," and from Mitchell the detective and his experience, Sir Douglas gleaned the history of James Frere as far as any one could trace it.

Who, or what he was, at the beginning,

Mitchell could not say. He was supposed to be the natural son of some gentleman; was well educated; and when very young was discharged from a mercantile house where he had been employed, for "extraordinary irregularity" in his accounts; on which occasion the head of the firm had severely observed, that he might "think himself fortunate in being discharged — not prosecuted." He had gone by the name of "John Delamere" in that employment: he dropped that title for one still more aristocratic, and called himself "Spencer Carew." An advertisement appearing in the papers for a "travelling tutor of agreeable manners and cheerful and indulgent disposition, to make a tour with a youth in weak health," — he answered the advertisement as the Rev. Francis Ferney, and referred for his recommendation to "Spencer Carew, Esq." The friend employed to select a travelling companion for the youth in question, saw Mr. Carew, and received the most satisfactory and brilliant accounts of the "Rev. Francis Ferney." They travelled together, for a year and a half; and though a good deal of surprise and discontent was expressed at the enormous expenses incurred under Mr. Ferney's management, no steps were taken till the friend who had inquired into his qualifications, accidentally coming face to face with him at the country house of the youth's uncle and guardian, recognised "Spencer Carew" in "Francis Ferney." He was prosecuted and imprisoned. He then appeared on the scene as a Dissenting minister, "Mr. Forbes," and was greatly admired for his eloquence; but having seduced one of the school teachers and abandoned her, he had to give up his congregation and try a new path. He became once more a tutor, and travelled in America with his pupil; forged the pupil's name to a letter of credit, and was imprisoned. The next two years were a blank; no one could tell what had become of him; but he cast up at Santa Fé de Bogota, teaching English in the family of a Spanish merchant; was caught in the very act of robbing the strong-box of his employer; and would have been again prosecuted, but for the discovery that he had lured the merchant's daughter into a secret marriage, and that the scandal of his prosecution would rebound on the family that had sheltered him. Was next heard of in Italy, doing duty at the English churches established on sufferance in that kingdom. Was on the point of marriage with a wealthy and enthusiastic spinster, when some one recognized him, and warned

the lady that he had a Spanish wife "beyond seas." Became much distressed for money in Naples, and connected himself with the worst of characters there. Planned the escape of one of his associates condemned to the galleys for murder; succeeded in assisting his evasion with two of his companions, was pursued and, fired upon by the soldiery, dropped from the castle wall into the sea, having received a bayonet wound on the back of his hand: swam to a boat already prepared for the adventure, and escaped to Procida — was not again taken. Reappeared in England in the employment of a wine merchant; forged his employer's name to a cheque for seven hundred and fifty pounds, and disappeared. Was afterwards traced to Scotland, where it was discovered that he was preaching under the name of James Frere. Disappeared when about to be arrested there, and cast up again in Australia. Travelled with a party of Englishmen who were cut off by the bushrangers; not without suspicion of having betrayed the former, to those by whom they were robbed and murdered. Took passage for England with the gentleman who was afterwards left, in ill-health, at Jamaica; pretending then to be a medical man on his way home from San Francisco. Possessed himself of all the baggage and valuables of his infirm companion (whose life at that time appeared to hang on a thread), and arrived in England under the circumstances already explained.

It was on the occasion of his adventure in Naples with the galley-slave condemned for murder, that Giuseppe had seen him, swimming, — with his wounded hand dripping blood as he shook it fiercely at his pursuers, — followed in vain by a rowing boat full of chattering and ejaculating soldiery. — while the light skiff that was lying off and on, suddenly spread her sails, and carried him swiftly out of reach.

Sir Douglas heard, then, and read, all these particulars respecting the impostor who had lived in such trusted intimacy with the inmates of Glenrossie: the successful rival, in religious eloquence, of poor Savile Heaton!

He ordered his horse and rode, unattended, to Clochnaben Castle: where, instantly seeking the miserable culprit, he taxed him with the facts narrated above; and in stern, brief words summoned him to admit or deny that he was the person to whom this wonderful outline of a bad, unprincipled life referred.

At first, Mr. James Frere made very light of Sir Douglas's information. He utterly

denied that he even understood to whom or to what his questions referred. But on Sir Douglas saying — "Beware what you do! — the detective who has traced you is now at Glenrossie Castle; — the gentleman you have robbed, has probably by this time landed in England; — if you are indeed the person they are seeking, denial is perfectly hopeless" — his tone changed; he stood as one transfixed; he trembled from head to foot; and after a faint attempt at bravado, dropped on his knees and besought mercy!

"I have had many excuses, a hard lot to contend with," he stammered out. "You would not surely give me up to justice, Sir Douglas! For God's sake consider! — give me time — give me means of escape: I will surrender all to you — give me a chance for the future! I have been starved — hunted down — persecuted: let me fly — all is here in this very house that belonged to that man; — I never intended to appropriate it! The things were under my charge — in my cabin.

"Sir Douglas, Sir Douglas, let me escape!" continued he, with increasing vehemence, as the stern contempt visible on the soldier's brow became more and more evident. "I will repent — reform! Oh God! Consider — your sister — is my WIFE!"

Sir Douglas started, as if he had been shot. Alice crept round to him, pale as a corpse.

"Let him go, BROTHER!" was all she said; but she clung to Sir Douglas's arm, as if it were the arm of the executioner raised to strike.

The soft slender hands locked and un-

locked themselves with helpless pleading, turning round his strong and strenuous wrist. The pale face slowly floated, as it were, underneath his, and looked with dreadful appeal into his eyes.

"You were right," she murmured, "that night on the hills; but I did not know it then — I did not feel it then. I have been deceived. But let him go! Oh, let him go!"

And Alice — impassive Alice — laid her white cheek on the panting heart of her proud soldier-brother and moaned, with the long low moan of a wounded animal.

"Take my horse and begone, wretched man!" at length broke forth from the lips of Sir Douglas. And as James Frere yet endeavoured to utter sentences of excuse and explanation, and above all to assure Sir Douglas that he would find "every fraction of property correct, including trifles he had ventured to present to his kind patroness that morning" — the kind patroness proceeded to "speed the parting guest" by the bitter words, "Don't dirty *my* name by setting it between your thieves' teeth, man! Get to one of your dog-kennels of hiding, out of the sight of honest folk. And the sooner the gallows is lifted, on which you can hang, the better for all concerned. That's my dictum!"

"Ah! whom shall we trust!" groaned Sir Douglas, as the sound of the horse's hoofs violently galloping past Clochnaben towers, smote on his ear, and his half-sister Alice sank shivering in his tender embraces. "Whom shall we trust if *that* man is a liar, a hypocrite, and an assassin!"

PIETY AND PROPERTY. — An eye to real piety is often found accompanying an eye to real property; and a regard for Christian character is not seldom united with a sharp look out for cash. Else we should not see so frequently advertisements like this: —

"A Christian gentleman wishes to meet with a LADY of decided piety, to keep his house. Preference will be given to one having a little property of her own, as no salary can be given,

but a comfortable home may be depended on. Address, including carte, M. P., &c."

Doubtless, preference will be given to a pretty face as well as to a pretty property; or the applicant would not be asked to send her carte. Indeed, we fancy the advertisement should have been headed "Matrimonial," and we believe the "Christian Gentleman" would not be found particular in the matter of the piety, if the property of the lady were placed beyond all doubt.

— Punch.

From the London Review, 2 Mar.

THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

THE first session of the North German Parliament has been opened at Berlin, with all due form and solemnity, by the King of Prussia. No one can deny the greatness of the occasion; nor is it easy to place an exaggerated estimate upon the importance of the changes which it signalizes, or of that still more complete development of German unity of which it is in all probability the starting point. At this time last year Germany was broken up into petty States, each independent within its own borders, each affording an opening to foreign intrigue, each contributing, through the ambition or the mutual jealousy of their rulers, to the weakness rather than to the strength of the common Fatherland. It is true, that amongst the people there was a deep yearning for unity, a strong sense that Germany had not the position in Europe to which her importance entitled her, an intimate conviction that she had neither the strength for offence or defence which properly belonged to her numerous, brave, and patriotic population. But there appeared little or no prospect of their aspirations being realized. Their country was bound fast in the net which had been woven round her by the events of centuries, and which the Congress of Vienna had perceptibly tightened. Every successive attempt to create a nation out of a congeries of petty kingdoms and principalities had failed; and although most people who thought at all about the matter felt convinced that the Germans would, sooner or later, work their way to the desired goal, few would have ventured a twelvemonth ago to predict that the year 1866 would not pass away before the foundations had been laid of a new and we trust a powerful German empire. We need not dwell upon the series of events by which this consummation has been brought about. The King of Prussia, in his inaugural address to the new Parliament, piously refers the result to the direct interposition of Providence, which has led Germany towards the object desired by her people through paths which were neither chosen nor foreseen. But although we are ready to believe that his Majesty has been, to a great extent, an unconscious instrument in the transactions which have made him every inch an emperor, we do not believe that Count Bismarck has been equally taken by surprise. The truth is, that as Germany became divided in consequence

of the weakness of its former nominal head, it has become united because one of its States has acquired a decisive preponderance, and has been boldly and skilfully pushed forward to the front by a statesman equally remarkable for audacity in conceiving great plans, and for skill in conducting them to a successful issue. Still, Count Bismarck could have done nothing had he not been the representative of a strong national feeling; or had he sought to impose an organization upon the country, rather than to assist her in gaining one adapted to her wants and congenial to her wishes. No one can approve many of his measures. No one can regard with satisfaction the tortuous paths through which he has too often pursued his way. But he is, after all, entitled to the sort of indulgence which we always grant to the founders of empires; and above all to those who build them upon the solid bases of national desires and of the natural fitness of things. If Germany had not desired unity, the battle of Sadowa might have added a few provinces to Prussia, but it would not have placed her at the head of a North German Confederation. In the fact that he has been able to overcome sectional jealousies, the opposition of the minor sovereigns, and the other obstacles which always impede the reorganization of a great country, lies the best justification for the course which Count Bismarck has pursued. The meeting of the North German Parliament is not only the fruit but the sanction of his policy.

It is difficult to read without some slight incredulity the assurance of King William, that he would have been equally ready to become a subordinate member of the new Confederation as to take and assume its headship, had circumstances called him to the former instead of the latter position. We do not believe in the readiness of any monarch to consent to a limitation of his independent authority, and it is tolerably well known that there was no great eagerness for self-sacrifice amongst the princes whose devotion to the general welfare his Majesty is pleased to acknowledge in terms to which the real facts of the case impart somewhat of an ironical character. There is more truth, and also a more important meaning in the following paragraph of the address, in which the King dwells upon the difficulties that have been encountered in obtaining the assent of so many different Governments to the draft of a Federal Constitution, and urges this as a reason why the new Parliament should not hastily disturb the arrangements that have been arrived at.

There is no doubt that the Constitution, as now settled, is far from perfect. It is drawn up rather on Conservative than on Liberal lines. It is not intended to give the popular will the free play that many people wish, and that is to some extent desirable. It is, in fact, founded rather on the idea of consolidating a powerful State under the guidance of a strong chief, than of developing the liberties of the people who are subject to it. But we cannot help agreeing with the King, when he remarks, "that the point of supreme importance at present is not to neglect the favourable moment for laying the foundations of the building; its more perfect completion can then safely remain intrusted to the subsequent combined co-operation of the German sovereigns and races." There is an amount of truth in this which the German Liberals, who are discontented with the provisions of the Constitution, would do well to lay to heart. If the Assembly refuses to assent to the draft which it will be their first duty to consider, or if the landtags of the different States to which it must in time be submitted should take that course, the whole scheme of a North German Parliament would be in danger of shipwreck.

Prussia will preserve her ascendancy by means of the treaties which she has extorted from the smaller States, but there will be no common assembly in which the people are represented, and through the medium of which the nation may eventually attain not only a more complete union, but a larger measure of freedom. The great thing is to get a Federal assembly representing not the princes, but the people, fairly to work. It may be imperfectly constituted; it may even for a time tend rather to the strengthening of authority than the growth of freedom. But it must furnish an invaluable basis of operations, and in the long run it must be amenable to the liberal feeling and the intelligence of the country. It will be far better to wait awhile for the final crowning of the edifice than to risk the loss of that which has been accomplished by attempting (as some of the Liberals are said to intend) to obtain the adoption of the Democratic charter of 1848. If they were successful, the only result would be infinite confusion and an indefinite postponement of the ultimate end they have in view; because, although the assembly might vote, it could not establish such a constitution without the consent of the several Governments, and this would certainly not be given. There is, however, no reason to expect that counsels of so extreme a charac-

ter will prevail. In the Federal Parliament itself, Count Bismarck, so far as we can now venture to anticipate, will have it pretty much his own way. The real danger to the scheme lies at a subsequent stage, when it is submitted to the local Parliaments of the different States.

If there were no other motive which should induce the members of these assemblies to "strain a point" rather than reject the constitution, a very strong inducement to adopt such a course would be supplied by the consideration, that the sooner Northern Germany assumes a definite, and something like a permanent form, the sooner can steps be taken to enter into closer relations with the Southern States. Although the King uses very guarded language on this point, it is plain that he or rather Count Bismarck, has not relinquished the idea of bringing the whole of Germany into one confederation, under the leadership of Prussia. All that is at present spoken of is the formation of the Zollverein, the common promotion of trade, and a combined guarantee for the security of German territory. But we can easily understand that if so much is uttered a good deal is left unsaid, in deference to the susceptibilities of at least one foreign nation. And yet, as his Majesty justly observes, there is no legitimate reason why any Power should regard with jealousy the rise of that German Empire—stretching from the Alps to the Baltic—which is the inevitable, and probably not the very distant consummation of recent events. The direction of the German mind is peaceful. There is no wish for the conquest of any territory inhabited by foreign races, now that Denmark has been successfully despoiled of Slesvig. The inclination of the people is industrial rather than warlike, and their motto is very much like that of our own volunteers, "defence, and not defiance." Of course, if any other nation still hankers after German soil, and still nourishes any desire to acquire so called natural boundaries, we can well understand that it may look with disfavour upon a consolidation and a common organization which will once for all defeat the realization of its designs. But, in truth, those designs—if they be entertained—are even now quite hopeless. The North German Confederation ought to be able to defend their own frontiers against all comers, and even if they are not, it is certain that at the first cannon shot that was fired on the Rhine, their fellow-countrymen south of the Maine would rush to their assistance. Still it is desirable for many reasons, both of internal organiza-

tion and of external defence, that the complete unification of the country should be carried out as soon as possible. The sooner a commencement is made by the conclusion of arrangements upon those points to which the King referred in his speech, the better for all parties. For our own part we cordially re-echo the prayer with which the King concluded his address. We have no other wish and no other interest than that Germany should be free, united, and powerful—that she should fully realize “the dream of centuries, the yearning and striving of the latest generations.” Upon the prudence, the wisdom, and above all, the moderation of the deputies now assembled at Berlin, the speedy fulfilment of the national aspirations mainly depends. We hope that they will not prove unworthy of the trust reposed in them; and that they will not, in grasping at a shadow, lose the substance which is within their reach.

From the Athenæum.

The Open Polar Sea: a Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner “United States.” By Dr. I. I. Hayes. (Low & Co.)

WHEN we parted from Dr. Hayes on the occasion of reviewing his ‘Arctic Boat Journey’ in this journal (May, 1860) we felt sure that, unless barred by circumstances beyond his control, we should meet him again in the same waters. “On revient toujours à ses premiers amours,” applies with peculiar force to adventurers; and those who love the excitement of wild travel, with its attendant perils, are generally found eager and ready to set forth again, even when the blood is no longer young, in quest of adventures by flood and field. So it was with poor Franklin, who, having early imbibed a passion for the sea, eagerly seized the opportunity of passing from the—to him—dull monotony of life at home to the dangers and hardships of Arctic exploration.

True to his early love, Dr. Hayes had no sooner returned from his adventurous voyage, which, as will be remembered, involved his little party and himself in extraordinary perils, than he commenced organizing an extensive scheme of Arctic search. The main features were to pass up Smith Sound, complete the survey of the north coasts of Greenland and Grennell Land,

and make such explorations as might be found practicable in the direction of the North Pole. The United States Government manifested no inclination to equip an expedition for the above purposes, and Dr. Hayes was therefore under the necessity of appealing to his countrymen to contribute funds for the enterprise. (These were at length forthcoming, and, in the early part of 1860, Dr. Hayes found himself master of a schooner of 133 tons burden, with a crew of fourteen persons. The second in command was Mr. A. Sonntag, who threw up a Government appointment of Associate-Director of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory to accompany Dr. Hayes. The small craft was efficiently equipped, and nothing was wanting to make the expedition successful, except auxiliary steam-power, now found to be absolutely necessary for efficient Arctic exploration.

The expedition left Boston on the 6th of July, 1860, and returned to that port in October, 1861. The story of this last Arctic enterprise is most stirring, and it is well for Dr. Hayes's literary venture that this is the case, for it must be conceded that the great number of works on Arctic voyages has somewhat dulled the edge of curiosity with which they were formerly received by the public. But a spell of fascination will ever cling to the narrative of brave and adventurous travel, and Dr. Hayes's heroism and endurance are of no common order.

After a not unprosperous voyage, the explorers reached Upernavik on the 12th of August, obtained six Esquimaux interpreters, hunters and dog-drivers, with a fine team of dogs, and then resumed their way north. The schooner battled gallantly with the middle ice, dodging enormous icebergs which continually threatened to crush her. One of these icy monsters was upwards of three-quarters of a mile long, nearly of the same breadth, and 315 feet above the water. It was calculated to contain twenty-seven thousand million cubic feet, and to weigh two thousand million tons. Difficulties now increased daily, and besides those arising from icebergs and the pack-ice, a current from the north set strongly against them, and the hours, if not minutes, of the schooner seemed numbered. “Off Cape Hatherton,” says Dr. Hayes,

“the scene around us was as imposing as it was alarming. Except the earthquake and volcano, there is not in nature an exhibition of force comparable with that of the ice-fields of the Arctic Seas. They close together, when

driven by the wind or by currents against the land or other resisting object, with the pressure of millions of moving tons, and the crash and noise and confusion are truly terrific. We were now in the midst of one of the most thrilling of these exhibitions of Polar dynamics, and we became uncomfortably conscious that the schooner was to become a sort of dynamometer. Yast ridges were thrown up wherever the floes came together, to be submerged again when the pressure was exerted in another quarter; and over the sea around us these pulsating lines of uplift, which in some cases reached an altitude of not less than sixty feet, — higher than our mast-head, — told of the strength and power of the enemy which was threatening us. We had worked ourselves into a triangular space formed by the contact of three fields. At first there was plenty of room to turn round, though no chance to escape. We were nicely docked, and vainly hoped that we were safe; but the corners of the protecting floes were slowly crushed off, the space narrowed little by little, and we listened to the crackling and crunching of the ice, and watched its progress with consternation. At length the ice touched the schooner, and it appeared as if her destiny was sealed. She groaned like a conscious thing in pain, and writhed and twisted as if to escape her adversary, trembling in every timber from truck to keelson. Her sides seemed to be giving way. Her deck timbers were bowed up, and the seams of the deck planks were opened. I gave up for lost the little craft which had gallantly carried us through so many scenes of peril; but her sides were solid and her ribs strong; and the ice on the port side, working gradually under the bilge, at length, with a jerk which sent us all reeling, lifted her out of the water; and the floes, still pressing on and breaking, as they were crowded together, a vast ridge was piling up beneath and around us; and, as if with the elevating power of a thousand jackscrews, we found ourselves going slowly up into the air."

The schooner escaped, though not without being seriously damaged. Under more favourable circumstances she was navigated into Hartstene Bay, and made snug for the winter in a harbour to which Dr. Hayes has given the name of Port Foulke. The huge cliffs of the west coast of Greenland rose behind them, broken in places by ravines in which the hunters found large herds of deer. In a single hour Dr. Hayes killed three, and men and dogs feasted on excellent venison. This abundant commissariat was most encouraging, and tends strongly to confirm the belief that the interior of Greenland is favourable for the support of animal life. An observatory was erected near the schooner; and when the daily routine work had been organized,

Dr. Hayes made an exploratory journey over the great Mer de Glace glacier which joins that of Humbolt. This was a formidable undertaking; the temperature had fallen to 34° below zero; and a fierce storm prevailed. In the teeth of this the party travelled seventy miles over the ice at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the midst of a vast frozen sahara immeasurable to the human eye. Yet under these difficulties Dr. Hayes succeeded in taking angles and various measurements which, having been repeated in July, 1861, showed that the rate of progress of this tremendous glacier is upwards of a hundred feet daily. Thus what is true of the Alpine valleys is true, also, of those in Greenland. A great frozen flood is pouring continuously down the west slopes of the Greenland continent, the law of supply and waste being the same in both cases.

The monotony of the long and dreary winter was diversified by a rise of temperature which set in early in November. The wind, says Dr. Hayes, writing on the 14th of this month, though blowing steadily for twenty-four hours from the north-east, is accompanied by remarkable warmth. The thermometer, which had gone down to 40° below zero, now marked 41°. "I have done with speculation. This temperature makes mischief with my theories, as facts have heretofore done with theories of the wiser men." Of course this meteorological phenomenon favours the theory of an open polar sea, and filled Dr. Hayes with hope that he would soon navigate its waters. A far less pleasant incident was the breaking out of an epidemic among the dogs. The animals were attacked by the same disease which has been prevalent for some years among the dogs in South Greenland. Up to the 1st of December, they remained in perfect health; but after that date they were seized by fatal illness, which manifested itself by great restlessness, furious barking, and rushing violently to and fro, as if in mortal dread of some imaginary object from which they were endeavouring to fly. The terrible disease ran its course in a few hours, and by it the expedition was rendered nearly dogless. Under these circumstances, which threatened to be fatal to the expedition, Mr. Sonntag undertook to visit the Esquimaux on Northumberland Island for the purpose of procuring a fresh supply of these valuable animals. Unfortunately, this officer perished in the attempt, although the object of his journey was successful.

Reinforced by dogs and Esquimaux, Dr.

Hayes now organized a sledge expedition, and on the 16th of March started up Smith Sound. The incidents of this journey are thrilling. After encountering innumerable difficulties, Dr. Hayes found himself half way across the Sound with his party nearly disabled. To continue the struggle in a body was out of the question. —

"The men are completely used up, broken down, dejected, to the last degree. Human nature cannot stand it. There is no let up to it. Cold, penetrating to the very sources of life, dangers from frost and dangers from heavy lifting, labours which have no end, — a heartless sticking in the mud, as it were all the time; and then comes snow-blindness, cheerless nights, with imperfect rest in snow-huts, piercing storms, and unsatisfying food. This the daily experience, and this the daily prospect ahead; to-day closing upon us in the same vast ice-jungle as yesterday. My party have, I must own, good reason to be discouraged; for human beings were never before so beset with difficulties and so inextricably tangled in a wilderness. We got into a *cul-de-sac* to-day, and we had as much trouble to surmount the lofty barrier which bounded it as Jean Valjean to escape from the *cul-de-sac* *Genot* to the convent yard. But our convent-yard was a hard old floor, scarce better than the hummocked barrier."

Under these adverse circumstances, the disabled men were sent back to the schooner, and Dr. Hayes, with three men and fourteen dogs, continued the exploration. From this point of departure to the return of the forlorn hope to the ship, Dr. Hayes's narrative reads like a wild romance. At length they reached Grinnell Land. As they proceeded north they experienced, in even a greater degree than in Smith Sound, the immense force of ice-pressure resulting from the southerly set of the current. Every point of land exposed to the north was buried under massive ice. Many blocks, from thirty to sixty feet thick, and of much greater breadth, were lying high and dry upon the beach, pushed up by the pack even above the level of the highest tides. No glaciers were, however, met with on any portion of Grinnell Land.

Struggling on, amidst difficulties which would have arrested any one less bold or enduring than Dr. Hayes, the little party were at length stopped, precisely as Parry had been stopped on his expedition over the ice to the North Pole, viz., by the inability of the ice to bear them. —

"After a most profound and refreshing sleep, inspired by a weariness which I had rarely be-

fore experienced to an equal degree, I climbed the steep hill-side to the top of a ragged cliff, which I supposed to be about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The view which I had from this elevation furnished a solution of the cause of my progress being arrested on the previous day. The ice was everywhere in the same condition as in the mouth of the bay, across which I had endeavoured to pass. A broad crack, starting from the middle of the bay, stretched over the sea, and uniting with other cracks as it meandered to the eastward, it expanded as the delta of some mighty river discharging into the ocean, and under a water-sky, which hung upon the northern and eastern horizon, it was lost in the open sea. Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland, — the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude $82^{\circ} 39'$, or 450 miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies a lofty mountain peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood. The sea beneath me was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, these latter being either soft decaying ice or places where the ice had wholly disappeared. These spots were heightened in intensity of shade and multiplied in size as they receded, until the belt of the water-sky blended them altogether into one uniform colour of dark blue. The old and solid floes (some a quarter of a mile and others miles across) and the massive ridges and wastes of hummocked ice which lay piled between them and around their margins, were the only parts of the sea which retained the whiteness and solidity of winter."

This was the crowning feat of Dr. Hayes's enterprise. He set up a cairn, within which he deposited a record, stating that after a toilsome march of forty-six days from his winter harbour, he stood on the shores of the Polar basin, on the most northerly land ever reached by man. The latitude attained was $81^{\circ} 35'$; that reached by Parry over the ice was $82^{\circ} 45'$.

Dr. Hayes regained the schooner on the 3rd of June, having travelled 1,600 miles. He was now desirous to navigate his small ship into the Polar Sea, but she was found to be far too much damaged for such an enterprise. He accordingly wisely resolved on returning home to refit and add steam-power to his resources. But when he put into Halifax for necessary repairs, he heard that his country was plunged into civil war; and instead of commanding another Arctic expedition, Dr. Hayes was placed at the

head of a large army hospital, containing 5,000 inmates. This employment left him little leisure for literary work, and delayed the publication of his narrative. Now, however, he is most anxious to resume his Arctic explorations. His scheme is to found a colony at Port Foulke, which, he states, is admirably adapted for the purpose, provisions in the form of deer and other animals being abundant. This point he proposes making the centre of a widely extensive system of exploration, the great feature, of course, being the passing up Smith Sound into the Polar Sea. The theory that this is open, in consequence of a high temperature induced by the flow of the Gulf Stream pouring northwards, and thus maintaining the waters of that sea at a temperature above the freezing-point, is strongly corroborated by Dr. Hayes's researches. How steadily this warm flood moves northward is well-known. The curious discovery of glass bottles at the mouth of the Lena, which were supposed to have been thrown overboard from Franklin's ships, but which had floated with the Gulf Stream from the coasts of Norway, where they are used by fishermen as floats for their nets, shows the set of this current, and its consequent influences on the Polar Sea.

We have never supported rash Arctic expeditions; but we hold that the exploration of this unknown sea should be undertaken. And believing that it could be easily effected by a well organized expedition in a summer, we regret that the enterprise, which has been warmly advocated by eminent scientific societies and individuals, does not find favour with the Government. There are many experienced Arctic navigators who would willingly volunteer for such a service, and we need hardly say that to carry the flag of England to the North Pole would render the leader of such an expedition eternally famous.

This apathy on the part of our Government is the more to be regretted, as such an expedition as that proposed might co-operate with that organized by the Russian Government under M. Lopatine, which has for its purpose the exploration of Northern Siberia, and particularly the district at the mouth of the Yenisei. Large quantities of cod and other fish are believed to exist further north than is generally supposed, and vast numbers of entire skeletons of mammoths have already been discovered by this expedition in very high latitudes.

What we have said of Mr. Hayes's book will, we trust, send many readers to its

pages. The Doctor's heroism is remarkable, and he well deserves to be bracketed with the late Dr. Kane in Arctic honours. His present work is somewhat marred by fine writing. "The cold-faced regent of the darkness, treading her majestic circle through the solemn night,—her silver tresses sweeping the sea, while the wild waves are still like a laughing face touched by the hand of Death," may have been very beautiful, but does not figure well on paper. The maps too, are far from being so clear and comprehensive as they should be to do justice to the text. Dr. Hayes apologizes for this shortcoming by stating that his Discovery Chart has been claimed by the Smithsonian Institution, by whom it will be published; but we cannot accept this as a valid excuse.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, Dr. Hayes's volume is a valuable contribution to the now large library of Arctic literature, and we cordially recommend it to our readers.

From the London Review.

REASONING POWER IN ANIMALS.*

IN these days of "vivisection" and *cotolles de cheval* one is disposed to welcome the appearance of any work which draws people's attention to the high qualities and real intelligence bestowed by Providence on the animal creation. As the mass of men gather more and more out of the country into towns, the more ignorant they necessarily become of the habits and capacities of many animals, simply because their opportunities of observation are so few or so unfavourable. Even in the case of horses and dogs, men bred or living in cities may grow up with the slightest possible knowledge of their ways. A Londoner considers himself fortunate if he can preserve a favourite terrier from the snares of a dog-stealer for more than a year; and even the most "horseily-inclined" gentleman, who would in the country pay frequent visits to his large and airy stable, and spend many an hour watching the tempers and genius of his horses and ponies, has slight inclinations or opportunities to gratify the same curiosity amid the bustle, odour, and publicity of a West-end "mews." For such persons, and

* The Reasoning Power in Animals. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L. London: Reeve & Co.

many besides, Mr. Watson's book may do no inconsiderable service. If the somewhat abstract and philosophical title does not scare away readers who shrink from anything that even sounds "metaphysical," the "Reasoning Power of Animals" ought to become a popular little work. The best service, perhaps, that a reviewer can perform for the author is to let the public know that they need have no fear whatever of anything psychological or in any way philosophical in these pages. They will meet with none of the old laboured distinctions between "Reason" and "Instinct;" they will not have half a dozen dry chapters to establish why beasts have Memory and have not Consciousness; or have Recognition and yet not Memory, and so forth. The work before us is simply a book of anecdotes; all the best stories about animals have been carefully collected by Mr. Watson from the writings of Aristotle and Plutarch down to those of Mr. Jesse and Dr. Darwin, and are here narrated in a pleasant, easy style, that any child above ten years old can fully enter into and enjoy. Many of the anecdotes, especially those connected with elephants, are very old friends, with which we seem familiar from our infancy almost; others, again, are perhaps not quite equal to their subject; we might, for example, have expected from so good a naturalist as Mr. Watson a greater number of original and significant anecdotes concerning horses than are given us in this work. But, even as it is, it contains plenty to instruct, plenty to amuse, plenty, we would further hope, to induce higher ideas and softer feelings towards the lower orders of creation.

There are, we presume, very few intelligent thinkers in our day who would be disposed to disagree with Mr. Watson, "that the inferior animals have a portion of that reason which is possessed by man." Instinct is not peculiar to the former nor is reasoning peculiar to the latter. Certain powers of reason are unquestionably denied to all animals but man. The faculties of framing abstract conceptions, of speaking by articulate language, of inheriting accumulated knowledge, of forming combinations of thought, above all, the consciousness of a spiritual or divine nature — such powers are obviously lacking almost as much in the elephant as in the sponge. But apart from these characteristic functions of the human mind, it would be difficult to mention a sin-

gle capacity belonging to man's nature of which clear and unmistakable traces, more or less perfectly developed in accordance with the animal organism, are not to be found in the inferior creatures, proving the difference between these last and man to be one of degree only, and not of kind. Man has been said to be the only animal that makes use of tools; but what shall be said on that hypothesis of the elephant, that takes a branch upon his trunk to keep off the heat of the sun; or of the ape, that inserts a stone in an open oyster to prevent it from closing; or of the rat, that leads a blind brother with the aid of a stick; or of a spider, that puts a piece of wood into its web for the purpose of steadying it? Tools are simply the instruments for the adaptation of means to preconceived ends. No doubt there are the widest differences in the ingenuity, the complexity, the effectiveness of the instruments as invented and applied by animals and men; but it may fairly be affirmed that the intellectual power evidenced is the same in kind, though developed on a smaller area and within narrower limits by the various animals.

In a book of anecdotes, professing to establish a position respecting the capacities of the brute creation, everything must turn upon the degree of authority that is to be attached to the facts related. Mr. Watson, it must be said, never shrinks from giving the source from which his stories are derived, when it is known; and he has the wisdom also to exercise an independent judgment as to the inherent probability of facts that have too readily been accepted by others. We are glad to see that he has not the faith to swallow Southey's tale of the Irishman's dog, that had been bred so good a Catholic as always to refuse to touch a morsel of food on Friday! But that Mr. White's scepticism does not extend too far, is shown by his acceptance of another story, resting only on the evidence of the *Bristol Mercury*, with which we will close our notice of this pleasant little volume: —

"A dog in Bristol was accustomed to go to the butcher's for a pennyworth of meat on trust, the butcher scoring it up to him on a board with a piece of chalk; and on one occasion, observing the butcher make two marks instead of one, he seized on an additional piece of meat, which he retained in spite of all the butcher's attempts to take it from him, and went off to his home with both pieces in his mouth."

DANGERS OF "CHIGNONS."

(The Lancet.)

WE should be sorry to say anything that would unnecessarily disturb the peace of ladies in their compliance with the present remarkable fashion of wearing chignons. The custom may seem very irrational to the male half of mankind, but this objection would apply to many of the fashions by which ladies consider that they adorn themselves, and so must not count for much. A more serious objection, and one more calculated to have weight with English ladies, has been started, according to a correspondent of our own, by a Russian professor, M. Lindemann. According to this authority, 76 per cent, of the false hair used for chignons and similar purposes in Russia is infested with a parasite to which he has given the name of *gregarine*. The *gregarinous* hair, it is said, is very like other hair in appearance, but on close inspection little dark-brown knots are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are *gregarines*. These parasites have a most ignoble ancestry and habitation, being found in the interior of the *pediculus capitis*. It is only due to them, however, that these statements should be verified by other observers before we give all the particulars of their natural history. They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying, and even of boiling. Acids, alkalies, ether, and other agents would kill them; but these would be injurious to the hair, and so cannot be used. According to the authority quoted, in the conditions of a ballroom the *gregarines* "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts—so called germ-globules; these fly about the ballroom in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments—in fact, enter the interior of people by hundreds of ways, and thus reach their specific gregarian development." We do not answer for the truth of all this natural history; but when the natural history of chignons themselves is considered, it may well be all true. In Russia the hair of them is supplied by the poorer people, especially peasant women of the Mordwines and the Burlakes, near the Volga, who do a large trade in it. "When the Burlake goes out to work in the spring, he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn." Verily, as the professor argues, here is a fine chance for parasites. We must leave the subject with ladies and

naturalists. Half the awful possibilities of the fashion—which it does not require a microscopist to suggest—would deter men. We cannot so certainly reckon upon affecting ladies in a matter of fashion. But of all false things, one of the most objectionable is false hair.

(Daily Telegraph, Feb. 20.)

WHAT do the fair wearers of chignons think of those deceitful embellishments now, when our quotations from the medical papers have brought out such fresh and terrible revelations as those we published yesterday? We had hoped that there might be some mistake about the horrid "*gregarines*." Science does go a little too fast occasionally, and it was shocking to believe that those glossy hypocrites at the back of ladies' heads could be nests of unmentionable animalculæ, bred in the unclean huts of Mongol or Calmuck peasants, and hatching, like eggs in a hydro-incubator, on the warm necks of our ladies. But after the letter of our correspondent, "Investigator," it seems but too true. He has not only found these vile insects on the most fashionable and best prepared chignon that he could procure, but he has discovered how they grow, and how long it takes before—horror of horrors!—they become in their new home, so to speak, "of age," adult *pediculi*. At first they are microscopic creatures, tiny dots on the extremity of each hair; when heat gradually warms their gelatinous envelope, they increase, get antennæ, feet, organs of all kinds, and start upon their travels. Our correspondent bound some of them upon the neck of a hen, and actually witnessed their complete development, under the influence of the bird's natural warmth of skin. Who will wear a chignon, one week, one day, after this horrible experiment? Away with these abominable nests of foreign horrors, which cannot be killed by anything that does not spoil the gloss of the chignon—bad enough if it only came as it often does, from corpses; bad enough if it were only, as it always is, a cheat; but worse than the grave, worse than deceit can make it, when it is a trap for Calmuck—! Let our ladies hasten to return to their own safe and pleasant tresses for adornment; or who will dare to treasure a lock of them, or so much as to think upon, "the tangles of Neera's hair?" If nothing can kill what comes over with the chignons, let the chignons die out themselves.